

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

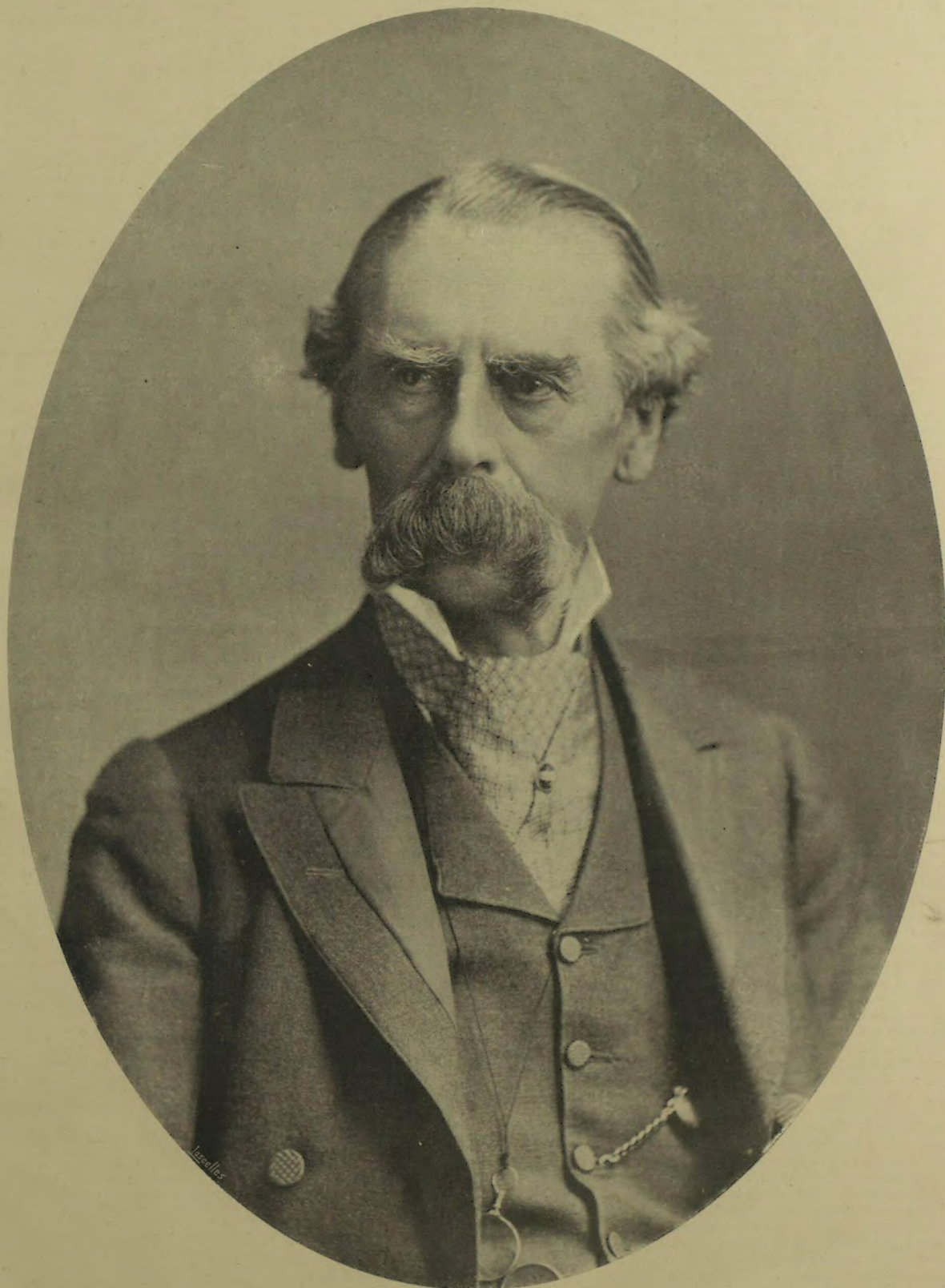
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



SIR HENRY THOMPSON, BART.

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Sir Henry Thompson, who is included in the list of New Year honours for a baronetcy, is one of the most eminent surgeons of the day. He was born in Suffolk in 1820, and was educated at University College, London, in which he is Emeritus Professor of Clinical Surgery. He is consulting surgeon to University College Hospital and has won honours innumerable in his profession. He was knighted in 1867. He is a voluminous writer on pathology and surgery, a novelist, and an artist.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is a wise custom to see the New Year in with temperate mirth and wassail. It is unwise to face it alone at the club, with the most absorbing book you can find, in the vain hope that the twelve remorseless strokes which kill the Old Year will not rouse penitential echoes in every corner of your memory. In cheerful company you hear the clock strike without a pang. The darkest man is shivering on the doorstep; his complexion is to bring luck with the first moment of the welcome Year. Bright eyes sparkle at the idea, and excite the envy of your neutral tint, though you are partially mollified by the thought that the darkest man has a tonsure, which, ever widening, will slowly silence all his claims to be the herald of fortune. Yes, my raven-haired friend, when you are totally bald, you will not be qualified to shiver on the doorstep, and to be greeted with crudely disguised hugs by a crowd of women! Such a scene, I repeat, is a wise safeguard against black care and its grisly reminders. But when the clock strikes upon your lonely ear, and every stroke reverberates in the cupboards where the skeletons are, and they all come trooping out in a ghostly dance, all the bitter chagrins, all the trumpet vexations of the closing year, and your hand nervously seeks the bell to summon a waiter, who is paralysed when you exclaim, "Not you, man!—your hair is red!—isn't there a black-headed waiter in this club? Confound it, six strokes already! What? The billiard-marker is dark! Fetch him! There goes eight! Quick—put him on the doorstep!"—I say this mode of seeing the New Year in has little to recommend it.

Oh, these retrospects! How do newspaper editors find it in their hearts to publish reviews of the dead year? How can they furnish up the stale old incidents of party warfare, the Bills which passed and the Bills which did not pass, the splendid foresight of this politician and the mole-eyed turpitude of that, the farces with no laughter in them and the tragedies without a tear? I used to take a hand regularly in this dismal business. One year, I remember, my obituary summary excited angry remonstrance. "You have forgotten some of the most important events," wrote the editor: "The Bill of the year is left out, so is the debate in which our side scored so heavily. You have not mentioned the most popular book nor the most regrettable demise. Is this gross negligence or very poor fooling?" I replied, in a tone of pained surprise, that I thought there were some things of which the public did not wish to be reminded. The Bill and the debate had wearied everybody—why go over them again? The world was ashamed of having read the book; and as for the demise—well, the man was buried. Why disinter him? Wasn't it rather indecent to hammer at the door of a family vault? Need a journalist be a body-snatcher? This explanation was not taken in good part, and the beggarly sum paid for rattling the bones of the Old Year disappeared from a precarious income.

Let us protest, my friends, against these vain repetitions. You can have no desire to see your works enumerated in the necropolis of the year's literature with very faint echoes of the plaudits they received when they were new. I can never forget my experience of two eminent novelists whose acquaintance I made at a dinner, where I had the honour of sitting between them. It seemed natural and fitting to lead the conversation to certain of their earlier stories, on which my ardent youth had been nurtured. To my right-hand neighbour I spoke of one of these with warmth, and also, I hope, with delicacy. He listened with a furrowed brow, and said never a word. It struck me suddenly that he was in pain. For some reason the topic was distasteful to him. I turned to the other man with well-modulated ecstasies about his writings; and lo! he, too, was afflicted. From that moment these poor men lost all appetite, and took no part in the conversation. Had they clean forgotten the books in question? Ought I to have praised the later, not the earlier, masterpieces? It is clear to me now that my distinguished neighbours were simply bored by the retrospect. "Here's another of those terrible fellows," said each to himself, "who never will leave the past alone! This is a capital *entrée*, but how can I enjoy it with a man drumming my old books into my ear? The story I am writing now is far away the best piece of work I have ever done. But I can't in decency tell him that, and I can't eat my dinner. Plague on his pestilent memory!"

Our impatient clutch of the actual makes us cherish the delusion that the New Year, which represents nothing but our arbitrary divisions of time, must be rich in fresh impressions and destinies. Your real luck may be a temperament which, when the twelfth stroke is over and the spectral by-gones are routed, renews its relish for the cream of the moment. That is why you read with interest the money-lender's circular, so artfully timed, which offers you on no security to speak of any sum from ten pounds to twenty thousand. I believe this gentleman to have an intuition both of my needs and my romantic sensibility. He knows it is the cream of the moment for me to possess twenty thousand pounds in

imagination, to weave friendship's garland with ever ready "fivers"—the pleasure of always having a "fiver" handy in your waistcoat-pocket for a comrade must be intense—to gladden beauty with strictly anonymous bracelets, to produce that farcical comedy which your oldest schoolfellow has offered to dull managers in vain! The money-lender has gone to the trouble and cost of printing his circular and stamping it for the post, simply that I may indulge in this dream of wide-spread beneficence. "Exorbitant and usurious terms," as he justly observes, "if accepted, are likely to do the borrower more harm than good." There has been no question of these or any terms. I have had his twenty thousand, I have enriched my friends—all in the time it has taken to write this paragraph—and there is nothing to be repaid. Why are money-lenders called spiders and other ugly names? This one I swear to be a most excellent fellow.

Then you may skim the cream of the moment any morning of those crisp days vouchsafed to Londoners so rarely in winter, when the street is a laboratory where the alchemy of the air seems to create the loveliness of woman before your eyes. I broached this scientific proposition to a Scotch physician, who condescends from Edinburgh to London once and again. "Nay," said he, "it is just the sight of a fine wholesome Scotchman that makes the lassies bloom!" They were visible in extraordinary numbers. Clusters of them came out of shops, till my Scotch friend grew critical, complaining that one had too mobile a mouth, and another arched her eyebrows till she wrinkled her forehead. "The pair silly body!" he cried. "As if the wrinkles would not come too soon of their own accord!" It is astonishing how London flowers suddenly with pretty women, and then relapses into sombre commonplace. But you will not detect the transition unless you have the temperament which takes impressions of colour as a hand-glass catches the lightest breath.

Disputes about the proper definition of "lady" and "gentleman" do not belong to the cream of the moment, but they have an undying fascination for many people who write to the newspapers. In a recent correspondence I find it asserted that "lady" and "gentleman" are terms unjustly monopolised by arrogant wealth and station. Why may not a working-man be described as a gentleman? Are there no ladies among the industrious poor? Well, a man may have a technical right to be called a gentleman because, let us say, he has means and "no occupation." Here the word simply defines a social status. As the French Revolution and other proclamations of the rights of man have failed to abolish this technicality, it may be considered permanent, if deplorable. There is another and more important distinction. It is not enough to have the instincts of a lady, which may be found in many a daughter of the people. A certain breeding is essential—a refinement of manners—graces which need special conditions for cultivation. In a clever play I saw lately, a soldier who had risen from the ranks, and obtained a commission in a crack regiment, had the instincts of the finest manhood; but lacking the conditions of breeding, he thought it only genial to invite a dean to whisky-and-soda in the mess-room, and to order champagne for ladies at four in the afternoon. If you have a social code which demands good manners from a gentleman, it is useless to rely solely on native worth; and it must be remembered that even the technical gentleman without manners is condemned by the same ordeal.

The code varies with the climes and the ages. An English hostess might be embarrassed if Juliet came to life, and met Romeo at an evening party in Belgravia. Any of Shakspeare's heroines, frank and fearless in speech and act, would surprise our drawing-rooms a good deal more than the genial lieutenant's champagne at tea-time. "Was Rosalind a lady?" would be a poser in an examination paper at a girls' high school. "Do you think it was ladylike for Portia to dress up as a man, and pretend to be a barrister?" "How would you describe the behaviour of Helena and Hermia in running about after young men in a wood late at night?" I commend these searching questions to preceptresses of literature and deportment. Professor Sully, in his entertaining article on doll-worship in the *Contemporary*, tells us that little girls give their dolls "good moral talks," but he does not say whether the dollaters have a school of manners. As an American professor gravely proposes that dollatry shall be turned to "educational uses," perhaps little American girls will have to impress upon their dolls that it is inellegant to behave like Helena and Hermia.

A courteous correspondent in the Temple assures me that the twentieth century must begin with 1900 because, according to the Arabic notation, "the first year was the year 0, the second the year One." Suppose somebody owes him £100—will he accept £99 on the plea that the first sovereign is 0? If not, why not? He gives another illustration which may interest billiard-players. "We begin to count with 0, as may be seen by reference to any scientific instrument—e.g., a thermometer or billiard-marker." I fear the billiard-marker, when he reads this, will be indignant to find himself confused with the marking board. But will any player venture to claim a point when his score stands at 0?

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, with the Empress Frederick, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, passed the last days of the year quietly. The Empress Frederick on Friday crossed over to Portsea, visited St. Mary's Church, opened the new Queen's Jubilee building of the Royal Sailors' Rest at Landport, and lunched with Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Culme-Seymour. Princess Louise next day left Osborne. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and the Bishop of Ripon were the Queen's guests on New Year's Eve. At Windsor the Queen's New Year's gifts of food, coats, and clothing were distributed to a thousand poor people in the Riding School of the Castle. Her Majesty will go to the South of France in the second week of March.

The New Year's list of honours conferred by her Majesty comprises four Peerages—for Sir Philip Currie, Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, Sir Henry Hawkins, and Mr. R. T. Gurdon, with the elevation of Lord Cromer to a Viscountcy; also four appointments to the Privy Council, and four Baronetcies; twenty Knighthoods of different Orders, besides some Indian, and the rank of Grand Cross, by promotion, in six instances; and fourteen new Companionships of the Bath. Elsewhere we deal with the honours in detail.

The application, for this year, of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund in aid of the hospitals of London, within seven miles around Charing Cross, has been settled with the approval of his Royal Highness. The London Hospital and Guy's receive each £5000, St. Thomas's £1800, Middlesex, Charing Cross, and St. Mary's each £1000, King's College £1475, University College Hospital £1400, Victoria Park Hospital £1000, North London Consumptive £1000, and lesser grants to many others, distributed in all among fifty-nine institutions, to the aggregate amount of £32,500, including also their convalescent homes at a distance from London.

Any doubt as to Sir William Harcourt's intentions seems to be dispelled by the letter to his election agent. He says in this that his successor in the leadership of the House of Commons will be chosen before the meeting of Parliament. Upon whom the choice will fall it is difficult to say. There is a not unreasonable misgiving among the various candidates as to the line Sir William Harcourt will take as a private member. Leader or no leader, he must remain the most powerful man on the Opposition side, and in that character might give his successor many unpleasant quarters of an hour, not deliberately, but by the exercise of his natural authority.

Mr. Walter de Rothschild has issued his address as Unionist candidate for the Aylesbury Division of Buckinghamshire. It is not expected that he will be opposed.

The Revenue receipts in the last quarter of the year were £25,579,000, being £764,520 more than in the corresponding quarter of 1897, notwithstanding a loss of £823,000 in Customs, from the reduction of the tobacco duty and a decline in stamps.

At an Oddfellows' meeting in Cheshire last week, Lord Crewe recommended the Friendly Societies to take up the question of old age pensions, which should be considered by Government in connection with the whole problem of the Poor-law.

The Association of native Indians resident in this country, at a conference last week in London, Mr. Nurooji presiding, resolved that commissions and commands in the Indian army ought to be held by native officers equally with Englishmen.

Heavy westerly gales prevailed during several days last week in the Channel and on the Welsh and Irish coasts. Several vessels were much damaged, and there was some loss of life at sea. A Norwegian steamer was lost off Seaham harbour on Saturday night. Vessels in harbour at Shields and in the Mersey got adrift, and into collision with others, which were sunk. In the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, some days before, more than one ship was capsized or foundered, but the crews were mostly saved. On Tuesday a terrible gale in the Channel occasioned many wrecks and the loss of sixteen lives.

The President of the French Republic, at the Elysée Palace on Sunday, held the customary New Year's Day reception of foreign Ambassadors and diplomatic representatives of all nations. The French Navy, for which the estimated expenditure this year exceeds three hundred million francs, is to be augmented by the building of four ironclad battle-ships, eleven armoured cruisers, and four other cruisers, twenty-eight first-class torpedo-boats, twelve other torpedo-boats, eight torpedo-destroyers, two gun-boats, and submarine boats, already commenced building. Twenty-eight more are to be constructed afterwards. The Dreyfus investigation by the Court of Cassation is still going on privately. Several eminent men have been examined.

The German Emperor and Empress are at Potsdam, where, on the night of Dec. 27, with a clear sky, they saw the eclipse of the moon. On New Year's Day his Majesty was kept indoors by a cold, but the Empress went to Berlin and received the Princes and Princesses, the whole Court, and the Ambassadors, in the White Hall of the Royal Palace.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia have returned to their palace of Czarskoe Selo, near St. Petersburg, and are now occupied with the programme of the approaching conferences upon International Peace and the mutual agreement of Sovereigns to limit their expenditure on military and naval armaments, which everyone professes to think a desirable object.

It is reported that negotiations are proceeding for the appointment of a Papal Nuncio at St. Petersburg, and that he would be allowed free intercourse with the Roman Catholic clergy in the Russian Empire.

The King of Italy held on Sunday his official reception at the Quirinal Palace of Rome, and has decreed an amnesty for about 2700 prisoners under sentence of the



Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
VISCOUNT CROMER.

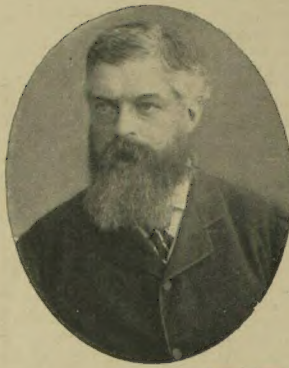


Photo. by Russell.
SIR J. R. BAILEY (New Peer).



Photo. by Russell.
MR. ROBERT T. GORDON (New Peer).



Photo. by Russell.
SIR PHILIP CURRIE (New Peer).



Photo. by Dalrymple.
MR. E. J. MURRAY SCOTT (BART.).



Photo. by Russell.
MR. W. H. HOERBY (BART.).

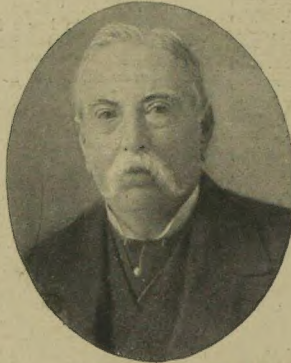


Photo. by Russell.
MR. F. T. BARRY (BART.).

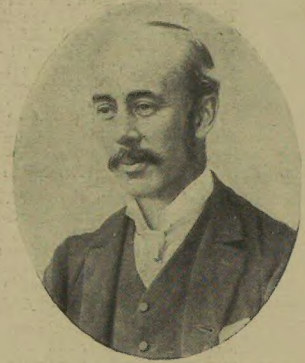


Photo. by Russell.
THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT HAMPTEN (G.C.M.G.).

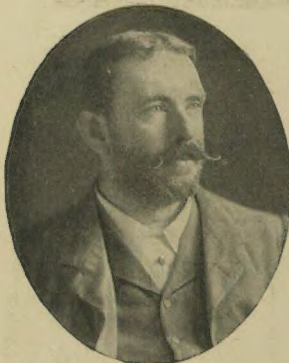


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
MR. FORTESCUE FLANNERY (KT.).



Photo. by Ralston, Glasgow.
MR. DAVID RICHMOND (KT.),
Lord Provost of Glasgow.



Photo. by Glaser, Dublin.
MR. JAMES HENDERSON (KT.),
Lord Mayor of Belfast.

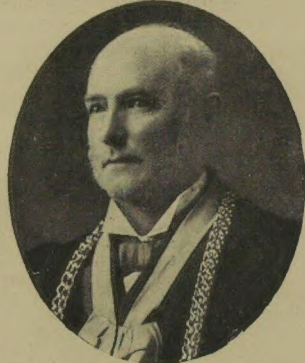


Photo. by A. Ayton, Edinburgh.
MR. J. B. JOHNSTON (KT.),
Mayor of Londonderry.



Photo. by Russell.
MR. W. KENRICK (New P.C.).



Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.
COL. E. SANDERSON (New P.C.).



Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
SIR CHARLES HALL (New P.C.).



Photo. by Russell.
SIR W. WALROND, BART. (New P.C.).

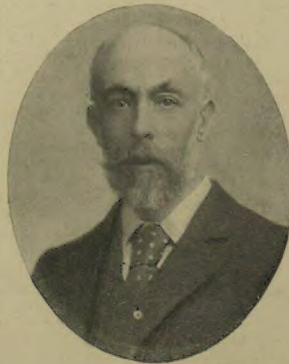


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. T. THESLION DYER (K.C.M.G.).

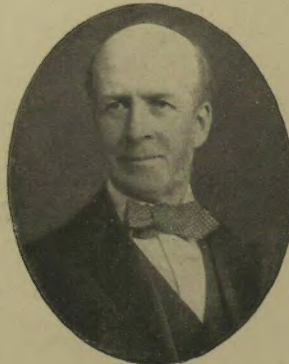


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
MR. EDWARD WINGFIELD (K.C.B.).

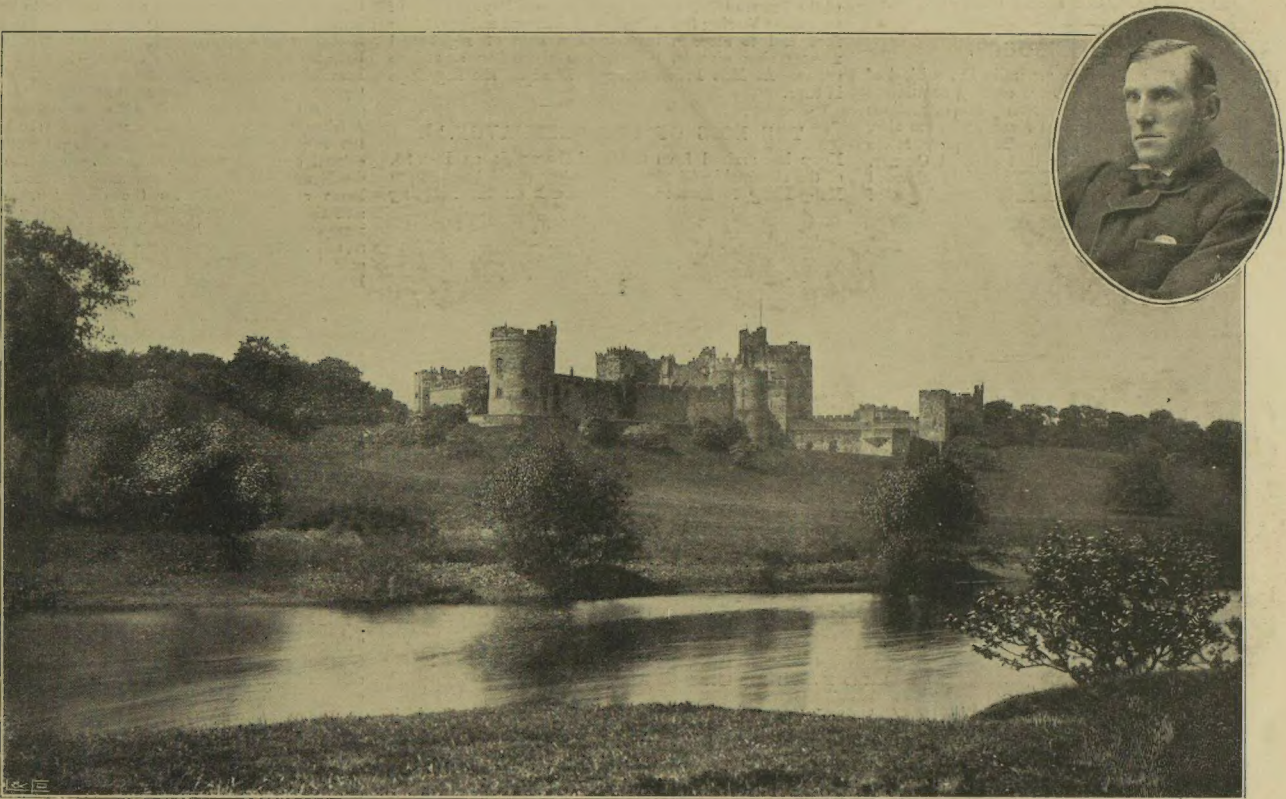


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
PROFESSOR ROBERTS-AUSTEN (K.C.B.).



Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.
SIR CHARLES CAMERON (C.B.).

EARL PERCY, SUCCESSOR TO THE TITLE.



ALNWICK CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, THE SEAT OF THE DUKES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



Russian Flag-ship.

Italian Flag-ship.

Royal Yacht.

French Flag-ship.

English Flag-ship.

THE PACIFICATION OF CRETE: MEETING OF PRINCE GEORGE AND THE ADMIRALS AT MILO, DECEMBER 20, 1898.

From a Sketch by Midshipman R. Pankett, H.M.S. "Revenge."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YEAR HONOURS.

The list of New Year Honours, generally the subject of much surmise beforehand, is always eagerly scrutinised when it appears. This year, as ever, hearty congratulations are offered to the recipients of royal favour, who are also, as a rule, the favourites of the public. The representative names on the list are headed by that of Lord Cromer, who is raised to a Viscounty. Sir Philip Currie is elevated to the peerage. Born in 1834, he has devoted the energies of

a Rear-Admiral) went aboard the *Morosini*. The war-ships of the Powers left the same night for Suda Bay, the fleet of four ships bearing five Admirals of different nations. The fleet had to arrange beforehand a code of night and manœuvring signals, and it was altogether a unique cruise. At Milo Prince George visited all the flag-ships in turn.

THE LOSS OF THE "GLENAVON."

News has arrived from China of the wreck, on Dec. 29, of the steam-ship *Glenavon*, a Glasgow vessel bound from Hong-Kong to London, which struck on the Lingting



THE STEAM-SHIP "GLENAVON," WRECKED NEAR HONG-KONG ON DECEMBER 29.

his life to the Diplomatic Service, entering the Foreign Office when he was twenty, and serving till lately as an Ambassador in Constantinople during the difficult days of Armenian massacres. Lady Currie, formerly Mrs. Singleton, had a career of her own as a poet under the name of Violet Fane, a career latterly merged into that of her husband. Peerages have gone, too, to Sir Joseph Bailey, who formerly sat for Herefordshire and for Hereford for a period of nearly thirty years; to Mr. Justice Hawkins (who has no son) and to Mr. E. T. Gurdon, who sat for Norfolk seats in Parliament, first as a Liberal, but finally as a Liberal Unionist.

We give portraits of the four new Privy Councillors: Those of Sir William Walrod, Bart., M.P., who is the chief Government Whip; Colonel Sanderson, M.P., the sturdy representative of that Ulster Unionism which the Government has not always been able to conciliate; Sir Charles Hall, K.C.M.G., M.P., Recorder of London; and Mr. William Kenrick, M.P., who is a Liberal Unionist, but more particularly a brother-in-law of Mr. Chamberlain. The honours may be said to run on all fours: four Peers, four new Privy Councillors, four Baronets, and four K.C.B.s. Among the new Baronets are Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon and giver of dinners; Mr. W. H. Hornby, M.P., like his father before him the Conservative member for Blackburn; Mr. Francis Tress Barry, M.P., for nine years the Conservative member of the royal town of Windsor; and Mr. John Murray Scott, a trustee of the National Gallery, intimately associated with the administration of the Wallace bequest. Knight-hoods have come to some fourteen men of distinction, including Mr. Fortescue Flannery, M.P., a marine engineer of importance and a representative of Liberal Unionism in Yorkshire; to the Lord Provost of Glasgow; to Professor W. Chandler Roberts-Austen, chief chemist of the Royal Mint; and to Mr. Edward Wingfield, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. Among new Commanders of the Bath is Sir Charles Cameron, M.D.; and Mr. W. T. Threlton Dyer, Director of the Kew Botanic Gardens, has been promoted to K.C.M.G. Viscount Hampden, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New South Wales, and Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of South Australia, are recipients of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and George. Four knight-hoods have been conferred by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, one of them falling to the Lord Mayor of Belfast, another to the Mayor of Londonderry.

ALNWICK CASTLE

The seat of the Duke of Northumberland, an imposing pile overlooking the Alne, was originally a Norman keep, which had a stormy history. In 1750 it was reconstructed and embellished, and further additions and decorations were carried out in 1854 and 1864. The state apartments contain exquisite carvings. The frieze of the Grand Staircase is filled with illustrations of the ballad of Chevy Chase. Earl Percy, who succeeds his father, is fifty-two years of age. He was M.P. for North Northumberland from 1868 to 1885.

THE PACIFICATION OF CRETE.

Prince George of Greece, who was enthusiastically received by the Cretans, is already showing much activity and determination in settling his new Government in Crete, the Admirals and foreign squadrons having left. He has received deputations of the Greek chiefs of Sphakia and Apokorona, and insists upon their giving up their arms. A Council of six Christian and three Mussulman Cretans, with M. Sphakianaki for President, is to frame a Constitution. Our illustration shows the meeting-place of the Admirals of the four Powers and Prince George of Greece. The four war-ships were anchored in a crescent formation. The royal yacht, with Prince George, came in at 9 a.m. on Dec. 20, and anchored in the centre of the crescent. The Crown Prince of Greece was also in the yacht, which left Milo the same evening; while Prince George (who is also

rock soon after leaving Hong-Kong. The vessel, which was of 3000 tons, had left Hong-Kong about 5 p.m. on the day named and struck the rock about two hours later. She ultimately sank in seventeen fathoms of water. The crew took to the boats and for a time two of these were reported missing, but the following day these were picked up, and the only persons not accounted for then were Mr. Nixon, chief mate, Mr. Wilson, second steward, and two Chinese. Quartermaster Smith, who swam to Lingting Island, died from exhaustion on reaching the shore.

"MY 'SOLDIER' BOY," AT THE CRITERION.

The new Criterion farce is not likely to set the Thames on fire. There are no surprises in "My 'Soldier' Boy,"

marriage, the discovery of which might mean the ruin of the luckless Benedict. In this case, complications are further involved by the fact that the young married solicitor has pretended to his wealthy stepfather to be not only a bachelor, but also an officer—nay, a colonel—in a crack regiment. Inevitably, of course, this stepfather, from whom there are "great expectations," prepares to visit his "Soldier Boy," and desires to be shown round the mess-room and barracks. A friendly captain of the very regiment, who has consulted the solicitor about his love-troubles, assists the sham colonel over his primary difficulties, and the convenient disablement of the real commanding officer owing to a horse accident facilitates the deception. A diverting situation, too, is created when the secretly wedded wife masquerades as her husband's maid-servant and pursues a susceptible young officer with a breach-of-promise action, only to discover that she is blackmailing on her husband's behalf the identical captain who is supporting his military claims. Thence the plot proceeds through a series of quaint scenes, that are only too readily foreseen. Indeed, the dramatic technique of the authors is decidedly primitive: they force the exits and entrances of their characters with aggravating improbability, and resort to soliloquy with quite bare-faced recklessness. Still, like most adroit actor-dramatists, they supply good chances to their interpreters. Not since "His Little Dog," staged at the Duke of York's, has that distinguished comédienne Miss Ellis Jeffreys been provided with so telling a part as Mrs. Mendle; not since then has Mr. Weedon Grossmith played with such energy his familiar rôle of the bewildered but resourceful liar. In fact, though Mr. Maltby has hardly given his own powers fair scope as the stupid stepfather, the acting of this clever pair alone would redeem a much feebler piece than "My 'Soldier' Boy." F. G. B.

THE "ILTIS" MEMORIAL AT SHANGHAI.

The monument to commemorate the brave crew of the German gun-boat *Ilitis*, lost, with all hands, in a typhoon off the China coast, has been erected on the beautiful green lawn beside the Whang-Poo River, at Shanghai, and was unveiled on Nov. 21 by the Consul-General of Germany, in presence of Prince Henry of Prussia. The memorial takes the form of a sundered mast, supposed to have been given up by the sea. At its base are grouped the imperial standard and various marine accoutrements; and the medallions on its four sides severally display the names of the *Ilitis* officers, those of her men, a bas-relief representation of the vessel under sail and steam, and the inscription: "In memory of the heroic death of the crew of the gun-boat *Ilitis*, stranded in a typhoon on the coast of Shanghai on the 25th of July, 1896."

Prince Henry's opportune presence gave occasion for a grand display of naval and military forces. In the centre of the ground were drawn up the various officers,



THE UNVEILING OF THE "ILTIS" MONUMENT AT SHANGHAI: AFTER THE CEREMONY.

From a Photograph by Mr. Mairhead, Shanghai.

and its fun, although holding out adequately during the requisite three acts, is always of a mechanical pattern. Credit, perhaps, is due to the authors, Messrs. Frank Lindo and Alfred Maltby, in that they have discarded as hero for their drama of deception the customary unfaithful husband, and have relied on the older device of a secret

the Consular body, the members of the Shanghai Municipal Council; while ranged behind these were some hundreds of sailors and marines from the men-of-war in harbour. Very pathetic sounded, as played by the band of the *Deutschland*, the "Flaggenlied" to whose martial strains the heroic *Ilitis* crew met their doom.

PERSONAL.

After a fortnight's illness, the Duke of Northumberland died at Alnwick on Jan. 2. His Grace was eighty-eight years of age. Algernon George Percy, sixth Duke of Northumberland, was the son of the fifth Duke and of Louisa Harcourt, daughter of the Hon. J. A. Stuart-Wortley. He was educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. When he came of age, he entered Parliament for the rotten borough of Berralston, swept away in 1832. He served in the Admiralty, was Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and was for two years Lord Beaconsfield's Lord Privy Seal. In religious attitude he was a Nonconformist. He is succeeded by his son, Earl Percy.

Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., who has been chosen to succeed Sir Henry Hawkins on the Bench, is acknowledged to be one of the ablest lawyers of the day. He is fifty-four years of age, the second son of the late Sir J. C. Bucknill, and was educated at Westminster and Geneva. In 1868 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. As an editor of legal works he has proved his capacity and learning. The appointment is popular. By Mr. Bucknill's elevation to the Bench a vacancy occurs in the Parliamentary division of Epsom.

Mr. William Nalhorpe Beauclerk, who has been appointed her Majesty's Minister to Peru, is the elder son of Captain Lord Frederick Beauclerk, R.N., second son of the eighth Duke of St. Albans. Mr. Beauclerk was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1873, and served in various grades in that corps in Berlin, Berne, Washington,

Gloucestershire to Oxford; and Oxford (by virtue of a dead done by Queen Anne) made him a Canon of Gloucester when he became Master of Pembroke. An undergraduate in the late 'thirties, he was a contemporary of Jowett, A. H. Clough, F. Temple, Stafford Northcote, John Ruskin, E. M. Goulburn, and a good many other people of whom the world has heard. He won his distinctions in mathematics, and, when he came to power, proved himself one of the best men of business the University ever had. Socially, too, Oxford will miss him greatly.

Had the late Rev. Dr. John Bradley Dyne, who died on Christmas Day, lived but ten days longer he would have completed his ninetieth year. Dr. Dyne belonged to an old family which has for centuries been known in Kent and Sussex. He himself was born at Bruton, in Somersetshire, where his father was in practice as a lawyer. He was educated at King Edward's School in his native town, and at Wadham College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. After some academic experience as tutor and examiner he found his life-work when, in 1838, he was elected to the Head Mastership of Highgate School, which he wrought up to a high pitch of excellence. He retired in 1874. It is interesting to note that Dr. Dyne was one of the deputation of Oxford graduates who in 1837 congratulated her Majesty upon her accession; and that in 1897, as a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, he was present at the historical thanksgiving for the sixty years' reign.

Dr. William Munk, who died at his residence in Finsbury Square at the age of seventy-three, graduated as a doctor at the University of Leyden so long ago as in the

and like this." Luckily, the conditions of Europe do not favour experiments on the Napoleonic scale.

There is talk of the arrest of M. Zola, who is supposed to be "wanted" by the French Government. As the Dupuy Ministry acts on the principle of minimising its own responsibility, and as the compulsory return of M. Zola to France just now would cause fresh complications in the "Affaire," it is not unreasonable to suppose that M. Dupuy would prefer to leave the novelist alone in England. When the Supreme Court has virtually declared that Dreyfus is innocent, M. Zola will be eager to try conclusions with his own accusers. He has been working hard on his new book, but does not seem disposed to talk about his impressions of England. The probability is that he has had very little time or inclination to form any impressions.

Rumour has it that General Mercier is smitten with a desire to dwell among us. It is even reported that a house has been taken for him in Cornwall. If General Mercier were to find it convenient to come over just when M. Zola was compelled to return home, the irony of the situation would be complete. For nobody supposes that General Mercier is in love with exile or with England. Flight is an unpleasant word, which reminds one of Esterhazy in this connection rather than of Zola. General Mercier's departure from France would be due to a wholesome dread of the Supreme Court, which by this time has a very strong opinion of the part he played in the "Affaire."

Another League has been formed in France—a League of the Fatherland. Its apostle is M. Brunetière, who

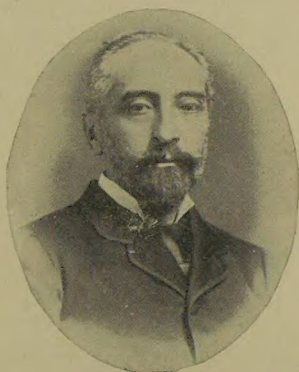


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. N. BEAUCLEBK,
H.M. Minister to Peru.



Photo. by W. J. Chivers.
MR. BUCKNILL, Q.C.,
The New Judge.



Photo. by Russell.
MR. GILL, Q.C.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. R. A. J. TALBOT.



Photo. by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE REV. B. PRICE,
Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.



Photo. by Russell.
THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE LATE REV. DR. BRADLEY DYNE.



Photo. by W. Bentley, Bristol.
THE LATE DR. MUNK.

St. Petersburg, Rome, Peking (Chargé d'Affaires), Buda-Pesth, and elsewhere. He is a linguist of no mean attainments, having, in addition to the usual languages spoken by diplomats, been granted by the Foreign Office special allowances for his knowledge of Russian and Chinese. During his service in Rome he published "Rural Italy," a book which will always commend itself to modern Italian students. Mr. Beauclerk is a J.P. and D.L. for his native county, Lincolnshire.

Mr. Charles Frederick Gill, who is included in the list of new Queen's Counsel, has for a long time enjoyed a first-class reputation at the Bar. He was born in 1851, was called in 1874, became Junior Counsel to the Post Office in 1886 and to the Treasury in 1889. In 1890 he was appointed Recorder of Chichester, and six years ago became Senior Counsel to the Treasury.

Major-General the Hon. Reginald A. J. Talbot, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Francis Grenfell in the command of the army of occupation in Egypt, is the third son of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and was born in 1841. He is an A.D.C. to the Queen, and was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 1st Life Guards, and military attaché at Paris. From 1869 to 1874 he was M.P. for Stafford. In 1877 he married Margaret Jane, second daughter of the Right Hon. James Stuart-Wortley.

Old Pembroke men, and many other members of the University of Oxford, heard with regret of the death of Canon Price. "Bat" Price—it was important to distinguish him from another professor, Bonamy Price—was not widely known outside Oxford, but for many years had been one of the men who "ran," so to speak, the University. He died Master of Pembroke, the College in which he was Scholar and then Fellow. He came from

famous year 1837. In 1844 he became a member of our Royal College of Physicians, and a Fellow in 1854. Dr. Munk was Demonstrator of Morbid Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, and Consulting Physician to the Highgate Hill Hospital for Smallpox and Vaccination—a branch of medical service in which he was a specialist. The last-named hospital, in which he worked for forty years, is now at South Mimms, and has in its board-room a portrait of Dr. Munk painted by Miss Donald-Smith. Another portrait of him was painted by the Hon. John Collier, the commission coming from the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, in whose dining-room it hangs. Dr. Munk was the author of some "Annals" of the College, as well as of a "Life of Sir Henry Hallford," and other works; and he was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

The German Emperor's vitality is so much a matter of course that to hear he is ill with influenza excites incredulity. To adapt a famous saying of Talleyrand's, one is tempted to ask, "What can be his object in having influenza now?" We are very glad to know, all the same, that the attack is not severe. The Kaiser has undertaken many things, but he refuses to undertake journalism. An offer of a thousand pounds for an article on the Spanish-American War is said to have been declined by him. Journalists who could do the job for considerably less money must be pleased to learn that they are not to have so formidable a competitor.

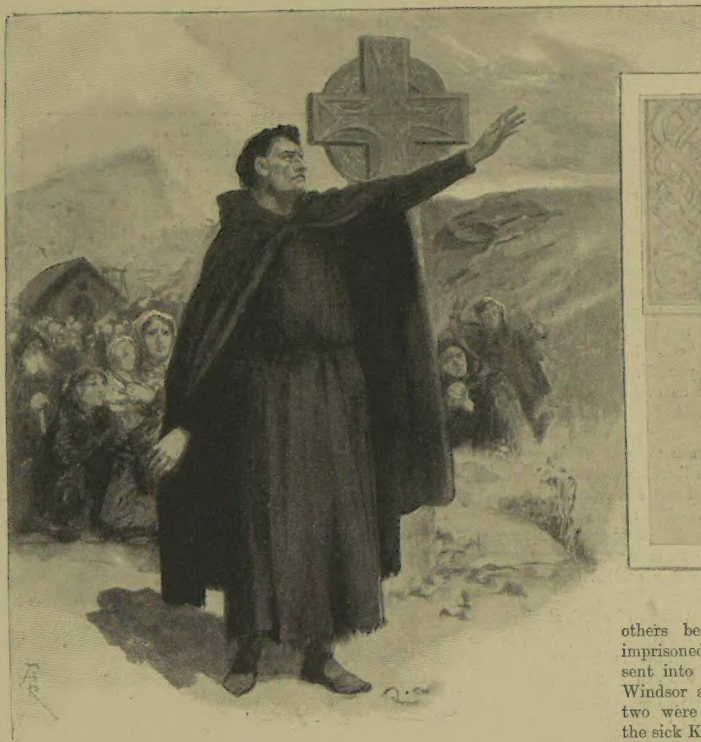
A good story of the Kaiser is told by the Russian painter Vorestchagin. Looking at one of this artist's remarkable pictures of Napoleon in the retreat from Moscow, the Kaiser said: "And yet there are men who will persist in trying to govern the world. But they all

wishes to rally "intellectuals" in defence of the army. As the army is not attacked, but only the system which produces a Mercier, a Du Paty de Clam, a Henry, and an Esterhazy, and sends an innocent man to a horrible prison merely because he is a Jew, the patriotic value of M. Brunetière's League is not evident. The vast majority of the revisionists are as ardent supporters of the army as he and his friends; but they demand a wholesome purge of the General Staff which has brought all this trouble upon France. However, M. Brunetière admits that the Dreyfus case is safe in the hands of the Supreme Court. Will he and his League abide by the decision of that tribunal?

Lieutenant Hobson, sent to Manila for kissing ladies by the hundred, explains that he was only following the example of General Robert Lee, who went on a kissing expedition in the Confederate States in the Civil War. The precedent is plausible, but as Lieutenant Hobson's superior will no doubt point out to him, the cases are different. General Lee was a middle-aged hero, who submitted to being kissed for the good of the cause. The Lieutenant is a boy who applied himself to kissing for its own sake. It is important for the welfare of the United States that this affair should be logically analysed. It might be as well to embody the point we have explained as an Amendment to the American Constitution. The Declaration of Independence says nothing about kissing, but Lieutenant Hobson may claim it as one of the rights of man. Hence the necessity of legal definition.

A person passing under the name of Charles Gunn of Gunn, has come forward at Pretoria as a claimant to the Dukedom of Hamilton. He alleges that he is the second son of the eleventh Duke, and that he left England in consequence of a duel.





CHAPTER I.

GERALD.

KING HENRY sat in a great chair with a pillow under each arm, and one behind his head resting on the lofty chair-back. He was unwell, uncomfortable, irritable.

In a large wickerwork cage at the further end of the room was a porcupine. It had been sent him as a present by the King of Denmark.

Henry Beauclerk was fond of strange animals, and the princes that desired his favour humoured him by forwarding such beasts and birds as they considered to be rare and quaint.

The porcupine was a recent arrival, and it interested the King as a new toy, and drew his thoughts away from himself.

He had occasion to be irritable. His leech had ordered him to eat salt pork only.

By his hand, on the table, stood a ewer and a basin, and ever and anon Henry poured water out of the ewer into the basin, and then with a huge wooden spoon ladled the liquid back into the receiver. The reason of the proceeding was this—

He had for some time been troubled with some internal discomfort—not serious, but annoying; one which we, nowadays, would interpret very differently from the physicians of the twelfth century. We should say that he was suffering from dyspepsia; but the Court leech, who diagnosed the condition of the King, explained it in other fashion.

He said that Henry had inadvertently drunk water that contained the spawn of a salamander. It had taken many months for the spawn to develop into a sort of tadpole, and the tadpole to grow into a salamander. Thus the reptile had attained large size, and was active, hungry, and rampagous. Beauclerk had a spotted salamander within him, which could not be extracted by a forceps, as it was out of reach; it could not be poisoned, as that medication which would kill the brute might also kill the King. It must, therefore, be cajoled to leave its prison. Unless this end were achieved the son of the Conqueror of England would succumb to the ravages of this internal monster.

The recipe prescribed was simple, and commended itself to the meanest intelligence. Henry was to eat nothing but highly salted viands, and was to drink neither wine, water, nor ale. However severely he might suffer from thirst he could console himself with the reflection that the sufferings of the salamander within him were greater—a poor comfort, yet one that afforded a measure of relief to a man of a vindictive mind.

Not only was he to eat salt meat, but he was also to cause the splash of water to be heard in his insides. Therefore he was to pour water forwards and backwards between the ewer and the basin; this was to be done with gaping mouth, so that the sound might reach the reptile, and the salamander would at length be induced to ascend the throat of the monarch and make for the basin, so as to drink. Immediately on the intruder leaving the body of the King, Henry was to snap it up with a pair of tongs, laid ready to hand, and to cast it into the fire.

Although the season was summer and the weather was warm, there burned logs on the hearth, emitting a brisk blaze.

There were in the room in the palace of Westminster

PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

others besides the King and the imprisoned salamander. Henry had sent into South Wales for Gerald de Windsor and his wife Nest. These two were now in the chamber with the sick King.

"There, Nest," said he, "look at yon beast. Study it well. It is called a porcupine. Plinius asserts—I think it is Plinius—that when angered he sets all his quills in array and launches one at the eyes of such as threaten or assail him. Therefore, when I approach the cage, I carry a bolster before me as a buckler."

"Prithee, Sir, when thou didst go against the Welsh last year, didst thou then as well wear a bolster?"

"Ah," said the King, "you allude to the arrow that

was aimed at me, and which would have transfixed me but for my hauberk. That was shot by no Welshman."

"Then by whom?"

"Odds life, Nest, there be many who would prefer to have the light and lax hand of Robert over them than mine, which is heavy, and grips tightly."

"Then I counsel, when thou warrest against the Welsh, wear a pillow strapped behind as well as one before."

"Nest! Thy tongue is sharp as a spine of the porcupine. Get thee gone into the embrasure, and converse with the parrot there. Gerald and I have some words to say to each other, and when I have done with him, then I will speak with thee."

The lady withdrew into the window. She was a



"I will have both," said Beauclerk.

beautiful woman, known to be the most beautiful in Wales. She was the daughter of Rhys, King of Dyfed—that is, South Wales, and she had been surrendered when quite young as a hostage to Henry. He had respected neither her youth nor her helpless position away from her natural protectors. Then he had thrust her on Gerald of Windsor, one of the Norman adventurers who were turned loose on Wales to be the oppressors, the plunderers, and the butchers of Nest's own people.

Nest had profuse golden hair, and a wonderful complexion of lilies and roses, that flashed, even flamed with emotion. Her eyes were large and deep, under dark brows, and with long dark lashes that swept her cheeks and veiled her expressive eyes when lowered. She was tall and willowy, graceful in her every movement. In her eyes, usually tremulous and sad, there scintillated a lurking fire—threats of a blaze, should she be angered. When thrown into the arms of Gerald, her wishes had not been consulted. Henry had desired to be rid of her, as an encumbrance, as soon as he resolved on marrying Mathilda, the heiress of the Saxon kings, daughter of Malcolm of Scotland, and niece to Edgar Etheling. At one time he had thought of conciliating the Welsh by making Nest his wife. Their hostility would cease when the daughter of one of their princes sat on the English throne. But on further consideration, he deemed it more expedient for him to attach to him the English, and so rally about him a strong national party against the machinations of his elder brother, Robert. This concluded, he had disposed of Nest, hurriedly, to the Norman Gerald.

Meanwhile, her brother, Griffith, despoiled of his kingdom, a price set on his head, was an exile and a refugee at the Court of the King of Gwynedd, or North Wales, at Aberffraw in Anglesey.

"Come now, Gerald, what is thy report? How fares it with the pacification of Wales?"

"Pacification, Lord King! Do you call that pacifying a man when you thrash his naked body with a thorn-bush?"

"If you prefer the term—subjugation."

"The word suits. Sire, it was excellent policy, as we advanced, to fill in behind us with a colony of Flemings. The richest and fattest land has been cleared of the Welsh and given to foreigners. Moreover, by this means we have cut them off from access to the sea, from their great harbours. It has made them mad. Snatch a meal from a dog, and he will snarl and bite. Now we must break their teeth and cut their claws. They are rolled back among their tangled forests and desolate mountains."

"And what advance has been made?"

"I have gone up the Towy and have established a castle at Carreg Cennen, that shall check Dynevor if need be."

"Why not occupy Dynevor, and build there?"

Gerald looked askance at his wife. The expression of his face said more than words. She was trifling with the bird, and appeared to pay no attention to what was being said.

"I perceive," spoke Henry, and chuckled.

Dynevor had been the palace in which Nest's father, the King of South Wales, had held court. It was from thence that her brother Griffith had been driven a fugitive to North Wales.

"In Carreg Cennen there is water—at Dynevor there is none," said Gerald, with unperturbed face.

"A good reason," laughed Henry, and shifted the pillow behind his head. "Hey, there, Nest! employ thy energies in catching of flies. Methinks were I to put a bluebottle in my mouth, the buzzing might attract the salamander, and I would catch him as he came after it." Then to Gerald, "Go on with thine account."

"I have nothing further to say—than this."

He put forth his hand and took a couple of fresh walnuts off a leaf that was on the table. Then, unbidden, he seated himself on a stool, with his back to the embrasure, facing the King. Next he cracked the shells in his fist, and cast the fragments into the fire. He proceeded leisurely to peel the kernels, then extended his palm to Henry, offering one, but holding his little and third finger over the other.

"I will have both," said Beauchlerk.

"Nay, Sire, I am not going to crack all the nutshells, and you eat all the kernels."

"What mean you?"

"Hitherto I and other adventurers have risked our lives, and shed our blood in cracking the castles of these Welsh fellows, and now we want something more, some of the flesh within. Nay, more. We ask you to help us. You have done nothing."

"I led an army into Wales last summer," said Henry angrily.

"And led it back again," retorted Windsor dryly. "Excuse my bluntness. That was of no advantage whatsoever to us in the south. Your forces were not engaged. It was a promenade through Powys. As for us in the south, we have looked for help and found none since your great father made a pilgrimage to St. David. Twice to Dewi is as good as once to Rome, so they say. He went once to look around him and to overawe those mountain wolves."

"What would you have done for you?" inquired Henry surlily.

"Not a great thing for you; for us—everything."

"And that?"

"At this moment a chance offers such as may not return again in our time. If what I propose be done, you drive a knife into the heart of the enemy, and that will be better than cutting off his fingers and toes and slicing away his ears. It will not cost you much, Sire—not the risk of an arrow. Naught save the stroke of a pen."

"Say what it is."

"The Bishop of St. David's is dead, a Welsh prelate, and the Church there has chosen another Welshman, Daniel, to succeed him. Give the see to an Englishman or a Norman, it matters not which—not a saint, but a fellow on whom you can rely to do your work and ours."

"I see not how this will help you," said Henry, with his eye on the hard face of Gerald, which was now becoming animated, so that the bronze cheek darkened.

"How this will help us!" echoed Windsor. "It will be sovereign as help. See you, Sire! We stud the land with castles, but we cannot be everywhere. The Welsh have a trick of gathering noiselessly in the woods and glens and drawing a ring about one of our strongholds, and letting no cry for assistance escape. Then they close in and put every Englishman therein to the sword—if they catch a Fleming, him they hang forthwith. We know not that a castle has been attacked and taken till we see the clouds lit up with flame. When we are building, then our convoys are intercepted, our masons are harassed, our limekilns are destroyed, our cattle carried off, our horses houghed, and our men slaughtered."

"But what will a bishop avail you in such straits?"

"Attend! and you shall hear. A bishop who is one of ourselves and not a Welshman drains the produce of the land into English pockets. He will put an Englishman into every benefice, that in every parish we may have a spy on their actions, maintained by themselves. There is the joke of it. We will plant monasteries where we have no castles, and stuff them with Norman monks. A bishop will find excuses, I warrant you, for dispossessing the native clergy, and of putting our men into their berths. He will do more. He will throw such a net of canon law over the laity as to entangle them inextricably in its meshes, and so enable us, without unnecessary bloodshed, to arrogate their lands to ourselves."

Henry laughed.

"Give us the right man. No saint with scruples."

"Sdeath!" exclaimed the King; "I know the very man for you."

"And he is?"

"Bernard, the Queen's steward."

"He is not a clerk!"

"I can make him one."

"He is married!"

"He can cast off his wife—a big-mouthed jade. By my mother's soul, he will be glad to purchase a bishopric so cheap."

"He is no saint?"

"He has been steward to one," mocked Henry. "My Maude postures as a saint, gives large alms to needy clerks, washes the feet of beggars, endows monasteries, and grinds her tenants till they starve, break out into revolt, and have to be hung as an example. She lavishes coin on foreign flattering minstrels—and for that the poor English churl must be put in the press. It is Bernard, and ever Bernard, who has to turn the screw and add the weights and turn the grindstone."

"And he scruples not?"

"Has not a scruple in his conscience. He cheats his mistress of a third of what he raises for her to lavish on the Church and the trumpeters of her fame."

"That is the man we require. Give us Bernard, and, Sire, you will do more to pacify Wales—pacify is your word—than if you sent us an army. Yet it must be effected speedily, before the Welsh get wind of it, or they will have their Daniel consecrated and installed before we shall be ready with our Bernard."

"It shall be accomplished at once—to-morrow. Go, Gerald, make inquiry what bishops are in the city, and send one or other hither. He shall priest him to-morrow, and Bernard shall be consecrated bishop the same day. Take him back with you. If you need men you shall have them. Enthroned him before they are aware. They have been given Urban at Llandaff, and, death of my soul! he has been belabouring his flock with his crook, and has shorn them so rudely that they are bleeding to death. There is Hervey, another Norman we have thrust into St. Asaph, and, if I mistake not, his sheep have expelled their shepherd. So, to support Bernard, force will be required. Let him be well sustained."

"I go," said Gerald. "When opposition is broken we shall eat our walnuts together, Sire."

"Ay—but Bernard will take the largest share."

CHAPTER II.

NEST.

King Henry folded his hands over his paunch, leaned back and laughed heartily.

"Sdeath!" said he. "But I believe the salamander has perished: he could not endure the mirth of it. Odds blood! But Bernard will be a veritable salamander in the rude bowels of Wales."

Before him stood Nest, with fire erupting from her dark eyes.

Henry looked at her, raised his brows, settled himself more easily in his chair, but cast aside the pillows on which his arms had rested. "Ha! Nest, I had forgotten thy presence. Hast caught me a bluebottle? My trouble is not so acute just now. How fares our boy, Robert?"

She swept the question aside with an angry gesture of the hand.

"And what sort of housekeeping do you have with Gerald?" he asked.

Again she made a movement of impatience.

"Odds life!" said he. "When here it was ever with thee Wales this, and Wales that. We had no mountains like thy Welsh Mynyddau—that is the silly word, was it not? And no trees like those in the Vale of Towy, and no waters that brawled and foamed like thy mountain brooks, and no music like the twanging of thy bardic harps, and no birds sang so sweet, and no flowers bloomed so fair. Pshaw! now thou art back among them all again. I have sent thee home—art content?"

"You have sent me back to blast and destroy my people. You have coupled my name with that of Gerald, that the curses of my dear people when they fall on him may fall on me also."

"Bah!" said the King. "Catch me a bluebottle, and do not talk in such high terms."

"Henry," she said, in thrilling tones, "I pray you—"

"You were for ever praying me at one time to send you back to Wales. I have done so, and you are not content."

"I had rather a thousand times have buried my head—my shamed, my dishonoured head"—she spoke with sternness and concentrated wrath—"in some quiet cloister, than to be sent back with a firebrand into my own land to lay its homesteads in ashes."

"You do pretty well among yourselves in that way," said Henry contemptuously. "When were you ever known to unite? You are for ever flying at each other's throats and wasting each other's lands. Those who cannot combine must be broken."

Nest drew a long breath. She knitted her hands together.

"Henry," she said, "I pray you, reconsider, what Gerald has advised, and withhold consent."

"Nay, it was excellent counsel."

"It was the worst counsel that could be given. Think what has been done to my poor people. You have robbed them of their corn-land and have given it to aliens. You have taken from them their harbours, and they cannot escape. You have driven away their princes, and they cannot unite. You have crushed out their independence, and they cease to be men. They have but one thing left to them as their very own—their Church. And now you will plunder them of that—thrust yourselves in between them and God. They have had hitherto their own pastors, as they have had their own princes. They have followed the one in war and the other in peace. Their pastors have been men of their own blood, of their own speech, men who have suffered with them, have wept with them, and have even bled with them. These have spoken to them when sick at heart, and have comforted them when wounded in spirit. And now they are to be jostled out of their places, to make room for others, aliens in blood, ignorant of our language, indifferent to our woes; men who cannot advise nor comfort, men from whom our people will receive no gift, however holy. Deprived of everything that makes life endurable, will you now deprive them of their religion?"

She paused, out of breath, with flaming cheek, and sparkling eyes—quivering, palpitating in every part of her body.

"Nest," said the King, "you are a woman—a fool. You do not understand policy."

"Policy!" she cried scornfully. "What is policy? My people have their faults and their good qualities."

"Faults! I know them, I trow. As to their good qualities, I have them to learn." He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"You know their faults alone," pursued Nest passionately, "because you seek to find them that you may foster and trade on them. That is policy. Policy is to nurture the evil and ignore the good. None know better their own weaknesses than do we. But why not turn your policy to helping us to overcome them and be made strong?"

"It is through your own inbred faults that we have gained admission into your mountains. Brothers with you cannot trust brothers—"

"No more than you or Robert can trust each other, I presume," sneered Nest. "An arrow was aimed at you from behind. Who shot it? Not a Welshman, but Robert, or a henchman of Robert. On my honour, you set us a rare example of fraternal affection and unity!"

Henry bit his lips.

"It is through your own rivalries that we are able to maintain our hold upon your mountains."

"And because we know you as fomenters of discord—doers of the devil's work—that is why we hate you. Give up this policy, and try another method with us."

"Women cannot understand. Have done!"

"Justice, they say, is figured as a woman; for Justice is pitiful towards feebleness and infirmity. But with

you is no justice at all, only rank tyranny—tyranny that can only rule with the iron rod, and drive with the scourge."

"Be silent! My salamander is moving again."

But she would not listen to him. She pursued—

"My people are tender-hearted, loving, loyal, frank. Show them trust, consideration, regard, and they will meet you with open arms. We know now that our past has been one of defeat and recoil, and we also know why it has been so. Divided up into our little kingdoms, full of rivalries, jealousies, ambitions, we have not had the wit to cohere. Who would weave us into one has made a rope of sand. It was that, not the superior courage or better arms of the Saxon, that drove us into mountains and across the sea. It is through playing with, encouraging this, bribing into treachery, that you are forcing your way among us now. But if in place of calling over adventurers from France and bores from Flanders to kill us and occupy our lands, you come to us with the olive branch, and offer us your suzerainty and guarantee us against internecine strife—secure to us our lands, our laws, our liberties—then

me. I will hear no more." Then taking the ewer, he began again to pour water into the basin, and next to ladle it back into the vessel whence he had poured it.

"Oh, you beau clerk!" exclaimed Nest, rising to her feet. "So skilled in books, who knowest the qualities of the porcupine through Plinius, and how to draw forth a salamander, as instructed by Galen! A beau clerk indeed, who does not understand the minds of men, nor read their hearts; who cannot understand their best feelings, whose only thought is that of the churl, to smash, and outrage, and ruin. A great people, a people with more genius in its little finger than all thy loutish Saxons in their entire body, thou wilt oppress, and turn their good to gall, their sweetness to sour, and nurture undying hate where thou mightest breed love."

"Begone! I will strike and summon assistance, and have thee removed."

"Then," said Nest, "I appeal unto God, that He may avenge the injured and the oppressed. May He smite thee where thou wilt most painfully feel the blow! May He break down all in which thou hast set thy hopes, and level

poetry and drama. She is, perhaps, one of the most dramatic vocalists alive. She has an intense sense of words, of emotional phrase, of the poetical aspect of life. And by a rare instinct she is thus able to give expression to all the pent-up emotion which she has had within her. We may doubt, if we are sceptics, about her dramas, her poems, and all the rest of it, so far as the results of publication are concerned; it is enough that she publishes the fineness of her emotion through the means which she has chosen for herself. We trust that her American tour will in this respect be eminently fruitful.

It seems that negotiations had been set afoot to produce Professor Villiers Stanford's "Te Deum" at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society. The work was recently produced at the Leeds Festival, and proved to be a composition of highly technical construction, and of a not very exuberant inspiration. It erred on the one side by excess of solemnity, on the other by a curious frivolity and trivialness; and the combination was scarcely successful. Whatever may have been the reason, however, the negotiations in question have not been successful; and, to the



She cast herself passionately at the King's feet.

we shall become your devoted subjects, we shall look up to you as to one who raises us, whereas now we regard you as one who casts us down to trample on us. We have our good qualities, and these qualities will serve you well if you will encourage them. But your policy is to do evil, and evil only."

Henry Beauclerk, with a small mallet, struck a wooden disk, and an attendant appeared.

"Call Gerald Windsor back," said he; then, to himself, "this woman is an offence to me."

"Because I utter that which you cannot understand. I speak of justice, and you understand only tyranny."

"Another word, Nest, and I shall have you forcibly removed."

She cast herself passionately at the King's feet.

"I beseech thee—I—I whom thou didst so cruelly wrong when a poor helpless hostage in thy hands—I, away from father and mother—alone among you—not knowing a word of your tongue. I have never asked for aught before. By all the wrongs I have endured from thee—by thy hopes for pardon at the great Day when the oppressed and fatherless will be righted—I implore thee—withhold thy consent."

"It is idle to ask this," said Henry coldly. "Leave

with the dust that great ambition of thine!" She gasped. "Sire, when thou seest thy hopes wrecked and thyself standing a stripped and blasted tree—then remember Wales!"

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

Blanche Marchesi's tour with Mr. Plunket Greene to America reminds one that she has, within the past few days, written a brief autobiography in which she expresses with the utmost frankness her opinions, her life-thoughts, her sentiment upon her art. She is convinced that she was born to great things, that the afflatus was with her from the beginning, and to that end she composed dramas, poems, and exercises in other literary forms of expression at an extremely immature period of her life; she was encouraged to the drama by no less a person than Dumas the younger, and, in a word, she had a thousand careers before her.

As always happens in such a case the career shaped itself, and now she is for America to continue the fulfilment of her own especial accomplishment. That is, of course, the development of a quite useful voice into which the singer is able to infuse a most poignant passion of

credit of the Royal Choral Society, this work will not be included in their programme. On the other hand, it will be produced at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 10, with Madame Albani as the principal vocalist. With such encouragement, the work should draw a crowded house, which should (we trust) give the verdict which this "Te Deum" deserves. For our part, we prefer Sir George Martin's far simpler and most musicianly Jubilee "Te Deum," which, however, enters into no real rivalry with Professor Stanford's elaborate and feeble-forcible composition.

It is highly doubtful if the opera quarrel between Mr. Faber on the one hand, and on the other hand Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins, will, after all, be brought to a compromise. It appears that Mr. Faber absolutely refuses to give way on every point, and that the opposite party is equally resolute. In that case, it is most difficult to see the way out of the impasse. Mr. Faber has the house and the repertory; Mr. Gran and the others have the company. Here is Mr. Schulz-Curtius's opportunity for his new theatre, his plans for which he will publish in the course of a few days. If he can only develop them with sufficient celerity he may march through a conqueror where his rivals are still engaged in battle.



THIS Winter, like others, will die, The Spring in its turn will be gay,
The Summer glide gaudily by, And Autumn pass waning away,
May we smile through the Summer and Spring, In the bud of the leaves and the fall,
With hearts full of hope let us sing.

THE FORTIFICATION OF JAMAICA.

In our recent observations upon the proposed construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal, and the probable effects of American rule being established in Puerto Rico and over Cuba, we purposely reserved some considerations relating to the British West Indian possessions. These are again brought to mind, as is shown in our Illustrations of Port Royal and Kingston, by the news that our Government is preparing to convert the inner harbour of Kingston, distinct from the complete and extensive fortification scheme for Port Royal, already in actual construction, into a first-class naval dépôt, with a dockyard, rendering Jamaica the most commanding position for the interior of the Gulf of Mexico. It is rather significant that an approving notice of this project first appears in the *New York Tribune*. Any hostile insinuation that it was intended to check the natural and legitimate desire of the United States great Republic for secure maritime communication between their Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and for the expansion of their commerce and their new power across the further ocean, would have been a gratuitous piece of mischief. British West Indian interests, and the legitimate influence long ago obtained in that region from dominions as fairly and as gloriously won as any in the world, cannot be adverse to those which may be rightfully enjoyed by the great English-speaking nation that fills the vast breadth of the North American continent with energetic and prosperous social life inspired by the passion of freedom.

Our West Indian Islands, except Jamaica and Trinidad, have the disadvantage of being too small and too widely



PLUM POINT LIGHTHOUSE, PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA.

Photo, by Lumière



VIEW FROM ROCK FORT, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Photo, by Valentin

some time, even in the eighteenth century, to malefactors in bondage, to innocent victims, probably, of Judge Jeffries' vindictive Assizes, and to kidnapped heirs of noble families, if romantic novelists are to be seriously believed.

Jamaica, with prudent British enterprise, correct knowledge, skill, and moderate, gradual investment of capital, might yet become a thriving field for emigrants of our middle and working classes—as New Zealand has proved—and a pleasant home, which no district of India or of Africa, except the Cape Colony, will ever be, for settlers with their families there. Insalubrious conditions, which cannot be denied, but which are local, at the chief seaport towns of the southern coast, will never affect the agriculturists dwelling on lands two thousand feet higher, amid the forests and clearings on slopes of the Blue Mountains or in the Mandeville, St. Thomas, and Palmyra districts. Let them not think of growing sugar down in the sultry plains. Cattle-rearing for the island markets would be a promising experiment. Coffee, ginger, pimento, and other semi-tropical products, logwood and various timbers of price, minerals scarcely yet touched, shall be the main trade exports. One may safely bet upon the fruits; it is evident that bananas, the wholesomest, and not the least agreeable, of all food that nature has given to mankind, will soon have a "boom" in European markets. We trust that the Admiralty works at Kingston will direct public attention to Jamaica with such happy results.

The works, which will extend over a considerable period, will be begun almost at once, and will bring £250,000 in wages alone to Jamaica. An unhealthy swamp near Kingston will be removed.

scattered—remember that British Guiana or Demerara is not an island—which is the cause, economically, of difficulty and undue cost both in their profitable cultivation and in competing with other sugar-producing countries in the world's markets. Only glance at the map showing the position of the Windward and Leeward Islands! How could they have been easily supplied with cheap and efficient labour? Even in the times of the West African slave-trade, as in our times, when a substitute for it was sought in the importation of coolies from India and China, sugar-growing there could not pay without a protectionist trade monopoly, which was abolished fifty years ago. The fact is that sugar, to be profitable, though it was originally produced in the Levant, and subsequently in the Canaries, requires a hotter sun and a richer soil, a truly tropical climate, and deep, moist, fat beds of earth, which cannot be found in tiny, rocky islets and in semi-tropical latitudes. Jamaica can produce sugar, and so could Sicily, or the southern parts of Italy or Spain; but would it compete with Brazil? But Jamaica, eighteen degrees north of the Equator, a beautiful island, a hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles in breadth, the interior composed of highlands whose climate is healthy, congenial, and delightful to men of the European race, can grow every fruit or useful vegetable of the temperately warm zone, and it ought not to be dependent upon negro labour. The time has been, if we would only look back to our seventeenth-century history, when seventy thousand born Englishmen were actually labouring on the Jamaica plantations. Some of them, to be sure, were convicts from England under sentence of penal servitude; but so were the first English labourers in Australia. It was rather Barbadoes than Jamaica that was a doom of terror for



KINGSTON, JAMAICA, FROM THE HARBOUR.

Photo, by Valentin



What do they say,
What do they dream!
Out of the way,
Out of the stream!

AT THE BALL.

Words, haply few—
Few, yet complete;
Dreams, nowise new.
None the less sweet.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILISATION IN EAST AFRICA : SCENES ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

From Photographs by Mr. J. A. Bailey, Mombasa.



MAKUPA BRIDGE, BETWEEN MOMBASA ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND, THE FIRST BRIDGE IN EAST AFRICA.



A PEEP AT VOI RIVER, NEAR VOI STATION.



ARRIVAL OF A MISSIONARY PARTY EN ROUTE FOR UGANDA AT RAILHEAD STATION, 227TH MILE POST.



AT RAILEND, MILE 232: A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES, RAILWAY OFFICIALS, AND COOLIES.

The Makupa Bridge, shown in our first Illustration, was merely a temporary structure, and is now being superseded by a high level iron bridge. The Voi River is a most refreshing object in the East African landscape. Voi Station is at the hundredth mile of railway. The missionaries travelled on a rail-laden wagon from 'Makindu,' twenty miles away, under the fierce noonday sun. The Europeans in our last Illustration were pushed on the trolley from Railhead, five miles down the line.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Not a happy nor a busy New Year can be wished without irony to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; but simply an idle one. But the record-sheet of the Society for the last month of 1898 gives little promise of any lucky leisure in 1899. During those thirty-one days 2424 complaints of ill-treatment were dealt with, of which 2264 were found to be true. The welfare of between six and seven thousand children was affected by the zeal of the Society—to which we can offer no better New Year greeting than that it may find before long its occupation gone.

The Private Views at the New Gallery and at the Royal Academy at the end of last week did not present many features of special interest. Perhaps the Duke of Cambridge, as a private-viewer of the pictures of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, was the figure most observed at the New Gallery, where he did not seem to feel quite as much in his artistic environment as he did the next day, when he visited Mr. Caton Woodville's "Charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman," exhibited in the Haymarket. Even the preface to the exhibition catalogue at the New Gallery did not utterly abolish mirth at the Private View among men born to the traditions of the British school, that was nothing if not robust. It is reasserted that this exotic artist, who drew his inspiration from medieval Florence, was neglected by modern London. But the crowd at the Private View, and the crowd that is certain to be found at the public views all through the season, are correctives of that theory; as also is the baronetcy, the honorary degree of D.C.L., the ignored Academy recognition, to say nothing of the prices paid by Mr. Balfour and others among his more recent patrons. The sum likely to be paid before the exhibition closes to Sir Edward's executors for the large picture of "King Arthur Dead at Avalon" will be a final evidence, if one were needed, of an abundant and extended public recognition.

Sir William Harcourt is not really to be the biographer of Bolingbroke, that "heroic spirit, beautiful and swift," of the Tory Party—swift, no doubt, when he ran unclad through the Park for a wager. Sir William Harcourt, in fact, despite his admirable powers as a letter-writer, and even as a writer of leading articles in the *Times* in days gone by, seems anxious to have the now almost unique distinction of being a politician of the first class who has not a single book to his name.

Certain French papers have been inclined to wax vainglorious over the performances of the submarine torpedo-boat *Gustave Zédé* during the recent experiments at Toulon. The vessel, which is said to constitute a fighting instrument of enormous power, twice attacked and torpedoed the *Magenta* when at anchor and under way. The eddy caused by the boat under water betrays her position, even at a distance of 1500 yards, so that an enemy would not be wholly without clue to her movements; but for all this, she is a formidable adversary. When first tried the boat was blind, but now an eye has been invented for her by two ingenious young lieutenants, so that the boat can see her way under water. This invention the *Echo de Paris* "naturally cannot make known in its details," but the eye, no doubt, is constructed on the principle of divers' refracting spectacles, which correct the refraction of the water and render clear vision possible beneath the surface. Other boats are preparing, and the *Petit Parisien* thinks that when a sufficient number has been constructed, the English, who are still intoxicated with the memory of Trafalgar, will think twice



TWELFTH-CENTURY DOORWAY OF CLONFERT CATHEDRAL, COUNTY GALWAY, FOUNDED IN 558.

centuries. The rector, Canon M'Larney, is anxious for its restoration, for which the sum of £1000 is required. Mr. John Ruskin writes to him from Coniston, enclosing a contribution, and adding that while, as a rule, he objects to "restoration," he was glad to help in the present work. Would-be subscribers must address Canon M'Larney at Clonfert, Banagher, King's County, Ireland.

M. Zola, during his stay in England, is not wasting his time. He is practising English and reading the newspapers. At this rate, the publication of an English story from his pen will be among the probabilities of 1899. Meanwhile, another famous foreigner, the Russian Verestchagin, soldier and painter of soldiers, has arrived in London to superintend the exhibition of his pictures of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, which another week or so will see opened. At the same date will be issued a book written and illustrated by Verestchagin entitled, "1812, Napoleon in Russia." M. Verestchagin, who was in England some years ago, speaks English sufficiently, and is happy in the possession of a very interesting personality. He is an enthusiast whose enthusiasm has not evaporated with youth; and he has the experience, rare among battle-painters, of having gone through the barracks as well as through the schools of art.



THE NEW FRENCH SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT "GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ."

before embarking on an adventure the perils of which they will estimate. Precisely; but are second thoughts the peculiar property of *perfidious Albion*?

That natural geological forces, as well as tidal, wait for no man has been proved in a melancholy fashion by the serious landslip which occurred at Airolo, Switzerland, on Dec. 27. For some time the Sasso Rosso, or Red Rock, which towered behind the village, had been considered dangerous, and it was believed that the insecurity had been rendered greater by artillery practice from the St. Gothard fort. A commission was accordingly appointed to examine the locality and report upon the best means of removing the danger, but, dilatory as commissions usually are, it was long in getting to work, and has now been rendered superfluous. Huge portions of the cliff became detached, and rushing down upon the village, destroyed the hotel and several adjacent houses. Three persons were killed, and the panic-stricken inhabitants fled to a place of safety. Further falls have taken place, and it is now proposed to blow up the whole of the insecure mass of rock and earth with dynamite.

Yet another inventor of marvels is announced, this time from Vienna; and, of course, he is christened the "Austrian Edison." This genius, it would appear, proposes not to slay by transmission of light, or electricity, but merely to play Borgia on a large scale with his method of air-poisoning. His sure-shooting apparatus, which will render the sighting of firearms superfluous, surely implies a lack of faith in his poisoning.

Clonfert Cathedral, in County Galway, of which the doorway is here reproduced, is one of the smallest and yet one of the most beautiful and ancient cathedrals in the United Kingdom. It claims an antiquity of well-nigh fourteen

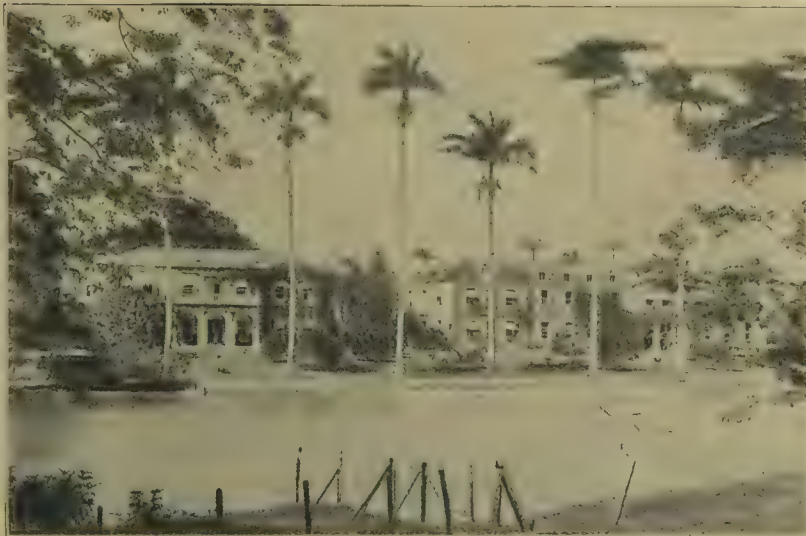


THE LANDSLIP IN SWITZERLAND: THE VILLAGE OF AIROLO, WITH THE SASSO ROSSO IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photo. by Sommer, Naples

A most regrettable sign of the times in the West Indies is the prospective closing of Codrington College in Barbadoes. This, the only University in the West Indies, must in June next shut its doors, because the estate from which its revenues are derived is now too impoverished to sustain the establishment. The bounty system has now laid its blighting hand on higher education, and a useful and beneficent institution is threatened with extinction. If no timely aid can be rendered, the college must be deserted, and its beautiful buildings and grounds be left to sink into ruin and decay. The college, which was founded by the bequest of General Codrington, who died in 1710, is affiliated to Durham University.

In a former number we chronicled the opening of the



CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOES.

bourne, under the command of Mr. Norcroft, rendered valuable assistance, and eventually succeeded in rescuing the whole of the crew, including Captain Bevan, by means of the rocket apparatus. The vessel proved to be the *Marie Therese*, bound from Havre to Martinique, with a cargo of six hundred tons of patent fuel. She encountered the full force of the gale. It is supposed that the captain, being a stranger to the coast, mistook Hengistbury Head for the Needles point, and thought he was making for the Solent. The ship appears to have run head on and settled down between the rocks quite upright. She has since become waterlogged, and seems likely to become a total wreck. The crew has been taken care of by the coastguard and sent on to Southampton. The occurrence has aroused more interest in



Photo. by White, London.

LADY WARWICK'S HOSTEL AT READING, FOR THE AGRICULTURAL TRAINING OF WOMEN.

Lady Warwick Hostel at Reading, of which an illustration appears on this page. The hostel, as has been noted, has been founded by Lady Warwick for the training of women in the lighter agricultural pursuits and in dairy work. The charming residence, which was opened on Dec. 10, will provide a useful centre for women attracted by a common interest and common studies. By means of the institution, a new field will be opened up to the women of the middle classes. The warden of the hostel is Miss Edith Bradley, whose high qualifications are a guarantee for the success of the undertaking.

During the height of the gale on Tuesday, Dec. 27, a large barque ran ashore on a very dangerous part of the Hampshire coast called "The Ledge," near Christchurch Head. The coastguard at South-



Photo. by Muller, Christchurch.

WRECK OF A FRENCH BARQUE NEAR CHRISTCHURCH HEAD, HANTS: THE RESCUED CREW.

the neighbourhood than anything of the kind has done for twenty years. It is the first time the rocket apparatus has been used in the Christchurch district.

Fortunes made at the Bar follow strange vagaries. Some men, who have been very full of briefs, manage to die with little or nothing, as was lately the case with a Q.C. of fairly large practice. Sir Henry Hawkins was one of the most fortunate of his order; for he had saved something over £200,000 from his professional earnings when he was elevated to the Bench. The new Peer, it is generally felt in the profession, ought not to retire into private life without some memorial being made of his long term of service. One very fitting form has been suggested—that of a bust, to be placed in the Hall of the Courts of Justice, so sadly in need of some historical ornamentation of the kind.



HUNT THE SLIPPER.

Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Admirals All. By Henry Newbolt. Edin. Matthews.
The Dawn. By Louis Verhaeren. Translated by Arthur Symonds.
 (Duckworth.)
The Handswoman. By Kenneth Grahame. (John Lane.)
Father Anthony. A Romance of To-Day. By Robert Buchanan. (John Lane.)
Africa in the Nineteenth Century. By Edgar Sanderson. (See loc.)

"Admirals All," the most successful of recent patriotic verse, has been reprinted. Along with some new pieces, the twelve original ballads and songs now appear in a volume entitled "The Island Race." Unquestionably they are good. They have no kinship with the jingo stuff that is turned out by the yard to-day, with an eye to the applause of the music-hall galleries. There is a lofty tone about them; it is heroism, and not mere power that is their theme. But Mr. Newbolt has been ill-advised in trying to make up a fair-sized volume by the inclusion of several trifles and some bad shots. He has scraped together all his recent contributions to newspapers, and thereby diluted the strength of his book. It is a pity, for it may cast a doubt on the talent of a writer who at his best is not only a successful echo of the nation's aspirations, but a poet. Proofs of inspiration are not hard to find. There is one in the lines that end "The Guides at Cabul, 1879"—

They flung apart

The doors not all their valour could longer keep;
 They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep
 And with never a foot flinging or head bent,
 To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

"Admirals All" and "Drake's Drum," in more popular strain, will live not only because of their happy jingling metre, but because of their vividness, their aptness of phrase, their spirit, and their absence of rhodomontade. Mr. Kipling is certainly rivalled in the second I have named, which is made to be sung. And there is one poem less obtrusive, which will certainly not be sung, and will, perhaps, be overlooked. Possibly, under the title of "Ionides," its subject may not be recognised at once. But some will know, and be grateful to Mr. Newbolt for thus commemorating a too little heard-of poet, for many years an inspiring Elton master, then a recluse, the gifted and sympathetic author of "Ionica," the late Mr. Johnson-Cory. Old Eltonians have recorded how he made patriotism a living, burning interest to them, though his own life was tame, and his poetry was all delicacy. It is a pathetic picture, this, of the pedagogue who

Among his grammars only burned
 To storm the Afghan mountain-track.

Beyond the book his teaching sped,
 He left on whom he taught the trace
 Of kinship with the deathless soul,
 And faith in all the Island Race.

The translation of "The Dawn," skilfully executed by an accomplished critic, from the French of the living Belgian poet, Verhaeren, is apparently his first introduction to the English reading public. It is a strange and vivid drama, full of life and movement, decidedly original in conception and execution, and evidently the work of a man of some genius, though of a chaotic kind. The scene is laid chiefly in Oppidomagne, a great city in the land of Nowhere, and governed by Regents of an old-fashioned despotic type, careless of the welfare and indifferent to the sufferings of "the masses." The hero of the drama, Hérénien, is a champion of the people against their oligarchic rulers, an enthusiastic dreamer, an author and an orator, with a transcendent belief in himself and his mission. There is a great strike among the workers of the city, and an insurrection against the Regents is threatened just at the time when a foreign army is besieging Oppidomagne. But—and this seems a great defect in the unfolding of the plot—it does not appear why a foreign foe has invaded the territory of Oppidomagne. Hérénien negotiates with the Regents in the interest of the strikers, but finding that they are duping him, he seeks an alliance with the besiegers, whose army is decimated by disease, and one of whose leaders has been imbued by reading his books with Hérénien's ideas, whatever these may be. The upshot is that Oppidomagne throws open its gates to the besiegers, who enter it, not as conquerors but as friends, and fraternise with the besieged. The Regents are cowed, but the mercenaries who remain faithful to them show fight, and in the *mêlée* Hérénien is killed just when his policy triumphs. That the author had a purpose in writing this strange drama, and what that purpose was, may be more or less dimly surmised. But no light is thrown on the problem by Mr. Symonds's subtle preface, in which he gives a sketch of Verhaeren's poetic development.

The rather gruesome title of Mr. Grahame's contribution to the "Bodley Booklets" by no means indicates the character of the very amusing story told in it with an abundance of playful humour. The Handswoman is a pretty, charming, and vivacious damsel who successfully asserts her claim, as her father's only child, to succeed him as official executioner of a German town in days of old. But all repulsive details are carefully suppressed, and the gaiety with which she tempers her business-like performance of her unseemly duties overpowers the tragic element in them by one delightfully comic. During an interval of business she meets a handsome young stranger, and in the course of their stroll they are smitten with each other. How it came to pass that she is suddenly called on to be the executioner of the swain, how his appearance on the scaffold turns out to be the result of a mistake, and how instead of beheading him she marries him, must be discovered by the readers, who ought to be numerous, of Mr. Grahame's diverting little story.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has chosen a striking situation for the pivot of the plot of his Irish novel, "Father Anthony." Anthony Creenan, in despair of the love of the heroine, whose heart has been given to his brother,

becomes a priest. As a priest he learns in confession the name of the man who committed the murder—of the heroine's father—with which his own brother and her lover is charged upon overwhelmingly strong circumstantial evidence. The sister of the real criminal also loves the suspect, and is distracted between her devotion to him and to her brother, and it is to her intervention the reader naturally looks for the exculpation of the prisoner. The dénouement, however, is as unexpected as it is striking.

The partition of Africa among European Powers and the grave problems arising out of it are investing the Dark Continent with something of vital interest in the eyes of Englishmen. The range and amount of the information respecting the past and present of Africa given by Mr. Sanderson in moderate compass make his volume very opportune, and will enhance his reputation as a skilful, industrious, and even spirited compiler. Of course the subject-matter of his book is mainly the great work done by England in Egypt during the present century, from the conquest of what is now the Cape Colony to that of the Sudan. But adequate accounts are given of the acquisitions of the French in Algeria, Tunis, Western Africa, and Madagascar, as well as of those of Belgium, the German Empire, and Italy, including the Italo-Abyssinian War, with the story of the two Dutch Republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. A well-written narrative gives an adequate history of modern Egypt from the time of Mehemet Ali, of the English occupation and its beneficent results, and of the vicissitudes of the struggle against Mahdism, down to the battle of Omdurman. The military operations of our countrymen in other regions of Africa are described amply and with no lack of animation. The doings and successes, civil and military, of the two great Chartered Companies—the Royal Niger and that founded by Mr. Rhodes—are also suitably dealt with. The volume deserves a better cartographical illustration than is given in the meagre "sketch-map" of Africa prefixed to it.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I have just received a very charming book, privately printed, a book about which I should like to have said a great deal, and which, had I done so, would, I am sure, have secured a very considerable demand upon the author for copies at any price he might have wished to name. I am, however, withheld by an injunction at the beginning of the book that no copies are for sale, and that "all reference to the work in the Press is deprecated."

I have received yet another book concerning the Brontës. It is entitled "Thornton and the Brontës." The author is William Scruton, and the publisher is John Dale, of Bridge Street, Bradford, Yorks. Mr. Scruton is already known by one or two books concerning Bradford, and by a tiny book that he published many years ago, entitled "The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë." His book, which will be prized by collectors alike in England and America, will give yet one further opportunity for the foolish, but oft-repeated criticism that "far too much has been written concerning the Haworth novelists." As a matter of fact, did people but take the trouble to enter minutely into matters of this kind, they would know better than to say or write so absurdly. Were all the books that have been written concerning the Brontës placed in a row. From Mrs. Gaskell's "Life" in 1857 down to Mr. Scruton's book in 1899, they would not all put together make more than half the number of words that will be found to have been written. I will not say concerning Sir Walter Scott, because in that case the comparison with a figure so imposing might be thought too venturesome, but even concerning men of the type of Samuel Rogers and of Robert Southey. I will go further, and insist that the standard "Lives" of Cowper, Scott, Southey, Moore, and Byron contain—any one of them—more words than have been written by a dozen different people concerning the Brontës, were their books all placed together in the opposite scale.

Mr. Scruton's book, as I have said, deals with Thornton, where the Brontë children were born. It tells in an interesting fashion the ecclesiastical history of that parish. It contains some excellent illustrations, and, in an appendix, some reminiscences of the Brontës which many of us have preserved in scrap-books, but have not hitherto possessed in volume form. I commend Mr. Scruton's book to the enthusiast.

At the same time I cannot commend the supposed portrait of Emily Brontë which figures as a frontispiece. It is stated that Martha Brown, the Brontës' servant, declared it to be a tolerably faithful portrait. This evidence, no doubt, fully entitles Mr. Scruton to publish the picture, but the absolute insipidity of the portrait convinces me, supported by the evidence of one who knew Emily Brontë, and whose intelligence I consider of a higher order than that possessed by Martha Brown, that this is one more to be added to the spurious portraits that would now seem to be so plentifully associated with the Brontës. Emily, in particular, has been generously treated in the way of imaginary portraits. There is her portrait in the foolishly unreal group always on sale at Haworth, and which is mistaken by many for that portrait-group by Branwell of his sisters that is described by Mrs. Gaskell; there is the picture in the *Woman at Home*, which was afterwards admitted to have been a fashion-plate; there was another, purchased by a lady at Ilkley, and also reproduced. Not one of them is genuine; not one of them, we may be sure, has the slightest shadow of real presentation of the thin-faced, cadaverous, self-contained girl, who, to many of us, will always be the most interesting female figure in our literature, as she was assuredly the greatest of our women-poets.

Two publications in which I am interested are to undergo a modification with the New Year. One of these is the *New York Critic*, which, still edited by Miss Jeannette Gilder, and her brother, Joseph Gilder, is now to be run by Messrs. Putnam, and will, in a new form, contain

new features. The publishing houses of New York are more alive to the possession of purely literary magazines than are those of London. No London publisher of the first rank has anything of this kind. They are content merely with book-lists and catalogues, some of which, of course, are singularly interesting. In New York, however, the case is different. The Scribners are responsible for the *Book-Buyer*, Dodd, Mead, and Co. for the *Bookman*, and now we have the Putnams as the proprietors of the *Critic*. The other change notified in the New Year is that the *Publishers' Circular*—a most admirable journal of literary news, issued at three-halfpence per week, by Sampson Low and Company—is to appear in a wrapper.

Very much interest has been excited in literary circles by a charge made by Dr. Robertson Nicoll as to the existence of a journalistic conspiracy against certain authors, or author, unknown. In the *British Weekly* of Nov. 25 Dr. Nicoll wrote as follows—

We hear a great deal about booming and log-rolling. No doubt the thing exists, but there is a far worse evil on which little has been said. I was reluctant to believe it, but I have evidence in my possession which shows that there are such things as organised conspiracies to destroy the reputation of books and authors. There are cliques of which certain journalists are at the head. They employ their own bravos. These are usually poor creatures who are glad to have any connection with their chiefs, and on whom they bestow an occasional puff. Men who have offended them are made the victims of these bravos. The great men do not venture much into the field themselves, but they give instruction, and perhaps a little more than that, and the thing is done. The time is coming near for an exposure of the business, and there will be a flutter when it takes place. Happily there is one great difficulty in the way. Editors and proprietors of papers often have consciences, and recent being made the instruments of malice. They resent it all the more because they invariably find it a most expensive business. Besides, the chiefs of the gang are in danger of being betrayed by their tools; have, in fact, been betrayed by them. On the whole, however, we have every reason to be satisfied with periodical criticism. The vast majority of reviews and criticisms are penned with perfect honesty, and the vast majority of critics desire to be not only just, but generous.

Mr. Andrew Lang, with that pleasant aloofness of his, quotes Dr. Nicoll's statement from the *Academy*. Mr., or, as we ought to say, Dr. Lang has presumably never heard of the *British Weekly*, although it is one of the most influential of the organs of Nonconformity. Mr. Lang, however, with his quotation from the *Academy*, makes very merry indeed over the suggested conspiracy, which he supposes to have something to do with the Kailyard school, which, as we all know, Dr. Nicoll is supposed to have taken under his protection. The *Westminster Gazette* has interviewed Dr. Nicoll, and has discovered that he was not speaking of the Kailyard school; that he was not, indeed, referring to any particular school, but to one individual, and that concerning that one individual there had existed "a malignant, devilish conspiracy to run down his books and injure his reputation." Dr. Nicoll goes on to say—

Proofs of the existence of this conspiracy I had in my possession at the time I wrote—and I possess them still—and I made the statement in question with a full knowledge of its gravity and seriousness. I brought no general charge against reviewers. On the contrary, I expressly declared my belief that, generally speaking, reviewing to-day was absolutely honest and above suspicion. I rejoice to think that there was never less occasion to impute wrong motives to reviewers than there is at the present time. But there are exceptions, and the case to which I referred was one of them. I have been challenged, not too courteously, to prove my statements. In reply to which all I have to say is that I shall take such further steps in the matter as I consider necessary in my own good time, and not at the bidding of outsiders.

Here, I confess, I am not able to follow the editor of the *British Weekly*. I look upon Dr. Nicoll as one of the most astute minds and one of the most clear-sighted critics of the day, and although it is strange that none of his fellow-editors have apparently heard a single word about such a conspiracy as he describes, I am quite prepared to believe that so able a man has not been imposed upon. I cannot, however, see that he can legitimately hold his hand against those whom he calls "outsiders" in this way. If I were to declare that in a club of which I was a member I knew there were two men who cheated at cards, I should not be allowed to say that I would take my own time in disclosing their names. The journalistic profession may surely be counted in the light of a club, and every journalist must necessarily be keenly eager to have Dr. Nicoll's charges sifted in the fullest degree. This must be particularly the case with editors of important papers. Only with the connivance of the editor of some paper of real influence could any conspiracy be worth the hatching, and a certain measure of distrust is shed abroad when a writer of Dr. Nicoll's character and capacity makes a charge of this kind, and postpones the furnishing of proofs.

Of course, what some men would count a "diabolical conspiracy" others would take less seriously. Supposing, for example, some writer like Mr. Maurice Hewlett, or Mr. Watts-Dunton, who had been very considerably "boomed" by his literary friends during the past year, were to come into possession of one or two letters which gave evidence that there were people who rather resented the very considerable amount of praise that Mr. Hewlett or Mr. Watts-Dunton had secured, and that these people were anxious through some medium or other to counteract this praise, which they thought extravagant. That would hardly be a "diabolical conspiracy"; it would simply indicate a regrettable resentment at success, and this resentment at success is always in our midst. It will be observed, however, that Dr. Nicoll has considerably shifted his ground from his first paragraph in the *British Weekly* to his statement to the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. In the original charge he made a very general indictment of those whom he called "bravos." He did not content himself with speaking of one victim, but practically implied that there were many. Let us hope that there is only one.

C. K. S.



"Catch me, Messieurs, if you can,"
Master Squirrel shouted;
"Jump away, Sirs, that's your plan,"
So he jeered and flouted.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Drawn by Fannie Moody.

Till poor Fido, Rough, and Spot,
Tired of futile scratching,
Vowed that Master Squirrel was not
Worth the pains of catching.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Government House, Calcutta, was modelled on Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, Lord Curzon's father. The Hall was erected in 1763 after designs by Adams.



INSANGHO-SMOKING IN ZULULAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. LEON RENAUD.

The above picture shows the curious method of insangho-smoking as practised by the natives of Zululand. The pipe used consists of a horn of ox or mate-antelope, in which is inserted a reed varying from five to eight inches in length. Where the junction is formed clay or gum is employed to make it air-tight. On the upper part of the reed, which stands almost at right angles to the horn, is placed a small vessel of soap-stone or clay containing the insangho (Indian hemp) and a live coal. The natives inhale the smoke through the rather wide orifice of the horn, which has been previously filled with water nearly to the brim. The smoke, after passing thus through water, gets naturally cooler by the time it reaches the inhale's mouth. On the right of the picture is a witch-doctor.



THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.—DRAWN BY W. M. COOPER.

Lovers of ancient Italy must have been glad to learn from a recent correspondence that the impending improvements in Florence will not endanger the Ponte Vecchio, the most picturesque of Florentine bridges, built by Taddeo Gaddi in the fourteenth century. Here the goldsmiths had their shops. Here Cosimo I. saw and loved the unfortunate Camilla Martelli, a jeweller's daughter. In the middle of the bridge an open loggia gives views up and down the river, "as in a frame," says Dickens.



THE CONCESSION QUESTION AT SHANGHAI: THE YANG-KING-PANG CREEK, SEPARATING FRENCH FROM BRITISH SETTLEMENTS.

Recently we gave a map illustrating the disputed concessions at Shanghai. Our present illustration shows the stream which separates French from British territory. The question is very difficult, and at present the demands of France stop the way. The negotiation will probably be transferred to Peking.

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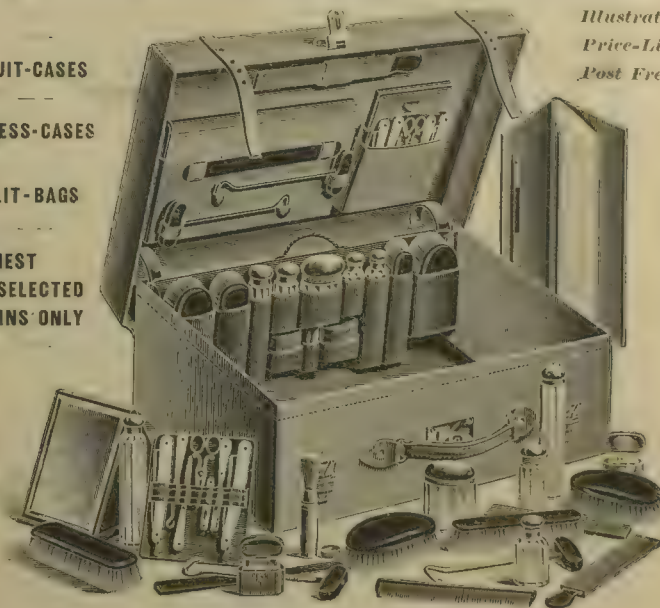
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OGDEN'S
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CIGARETTES

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COUNTRY
PURE & FRAGRANT

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Flouncings and fluffings in most of our garments are balanced by an ever-growing severity in our evening bodices. Decorativeness in this particular *genre* of dress is relegated to the skirt, and the bodice is constantly becoming more plain and more dependent on its perfection of fit. This is, indeed, the rule in costume; a period of befringed skirts generally means one of sparingly decorated bodices. This natural tendency has not yet exhibited itself in the walking or house dress designs, but it is established as the best style for full dress. Most of the newest models' bodices are as tight-fitting as they can be made, whether rounded at the waist or with the deep "Court point," which is most becoming to the matronly figure; and a twist of chiffon, a folded strip of velvet, or a berthe of the finest lace edging the décolletage will be the only trimming, except, of course, an abundance of fine gems. Sleeves have become small by degrees, till they are reduced to that narrow shoulder-strap condition which old-fashioned people are quite justified in reproaching as no sleeve at all. In fact, one audacious "creation" had the shoulder-strap itself falling off the arm-point halfway to the elbow, the bodice depending for its support at the extremely low angle to which it was cut in front obviously and entirely on its own closeness of fit.

Flowers are often added to the trimming of the top of the gown, but are not perched high on the shoulder. As to the jewellery worn, it is excessive in quantity and beautiful in design. A velvet band to finish off at the bosom is often chosen, when there is no velvet at all on the skirt, on purpose to show up the diamonds which make almost a processional display along its surface. Some of the ladies who are famous for the possession of fine jewels have much to answer for in this development, for they have lately had their diamonds reset in very large and massive ornaments. A huge true-lovers' knot in brilliants is the favourite form of central corsage ornament. A certain beautiful Duchess has been wearing one at her county festivities that is about six inches wide from side to side, and contains brilliants enough to have formed half-a-dozen good-sized brooches.

The pretty taste for enamelled jewellery that we owe to the New Gallery's exhibition of Italian art a few winters ago, is being extended from the brooches and charms in which we have hitherto had it to more important pieces of jewellery. Thus, a comb or two and an imposing necklace have come under my notice in which Parisian gem-setters have called in the aid of enamellers. The necklace was like a serpent; the overlapping scales in many colours of enamel were decorated along the centre with small rubies and emeralds, a big ruby forming the eye, and an emerald being held in the mouth. The combs were of scroll work in enamel of many brilliant tints, with the intersections of the scrolls set with small brilliants all over. These, of course, were costly, but pretty brooches in diamonds and enamel, and pendants in enamel to hang on long chains, are not very expensive, and many are beautiful reproductions of the fine designs of the "older days of art."

Dancing-dresses are almost uniformly made of the light and flimsy fabrics that are so becoming and airy-looking, but so easily destroyed by the wear and tear of the most extensive ball-room. This, of course, does not apply to those middle-aged young chaperons who dance occasionally during the evening; they wear their ordinary reception-gowns of silk with embroideries, painted or lace-flounced satin, and so on. But the girls and the dancing married women wear tulle, or embroidered net, or mousseline-de-soie, or silk skirts more than half covered with chiffon or crêpe-de-chine. A new make of the last-mentioned material has been brought out; it is more

substantial than the usual fabric, and has a more satiny surface—still, it is fragile enough. An excellent effect can be obtained, by the way, by covering tulle of one colour with another; the example that I saw was periwinkle purple over a deep mauve; the result was like the poet's light, something never seen on sea or land, but decidedly effective. After all is tried, sooth to say, there is not anything more effective to wear with a good complexion than black; a jet-sequined net, with some good white lace intermingled with black at the bosom, and relieved by a touch of colour in a knot of flowers near the shoulder, and in the hair in the shape of a bow and twist of velvet to match, with an aigrette, a comb, or a star in diamonds, is not easily surpassed.

Picador shows us this week two travelling-coats for the season. The one is a drab cloth redingote, plainly stitched, and finished with fur collar and smoked pearl buttons, opening at the foot to show the skirt of the gown. The other is in a light cloth, strapped with itself and stitched, and having the storm-collar cosily lined with fur.

NOTES.

Since the Crystal Palace is of even national interest, it is pleasant to note that its prospects are at present better

At the last Sanitary Congress, a debate of considerable importance to mothers and housekeepers was introduced by the address of the President, Dr. Alfred Hill, of Birmingham. He discussed the effect of food-preserving agents added to the various liquid and solid articles of food to keep them from putrefaction. This is a practice which has grown up of late years, and is now followed to so large an extent that it is difficult to know how much one is unwittingly compelled to absorb in one's daily diet of chemical substances whose action is very imperfectly understood. Boracic acid is probably the favourite preservative, and is specially used by the milkman. As babies must often depend upon cow's milk for their whole nourishment, it is a very serious question whether the constant ingestion of boracic acid in this form and in unknown quantities is not extremely injurious to them and answerable for a great many ailments and even deaths. Dr. Hill informed his audience that so much evidence has accumulated of such evil effects that in France, Germany, and the United States the use of boracic acid to preserve food has already been prohibited by law. Other speakers confirmed the opinion that the now common practice is more dangerous than the older adulterations which have been so largely stamped out. Dr. Robinson stated his experiments with fowls, which proved the poisonous effect of boracic acid upon them, and a Dublin professor gave

quite an alarming account of ill-effects that he had witnessed. The Congress voted a memorial to the Government for a special scientific investigation into the question. Meanwhile, if a baby is mysteriously unwell, it may be worth while to find a milkman who will bind himself in writing to supply milk just as it comes from the cow; and see that he does so.

What can be done for the unfortunate if sufficient devotion be forthcoming, as well as sufficient money for the necessary support of the person who will give a degree of devotion that money cannot purchase, but yet must provide for, is very extraordinary. A striking illustration is Helen Kellar, a young American girl who was born deaf, dumb, and blind—that is to say, having no sense by which to communicate with the outer world except only that of touch. She was the child of well-to-do parents, and had the great good fortune to secure the interest of a lady teacher specially trained to minister to the deaf and dumb, and possessed also of unusual intelligence and unbounded

benevolence. By means of this teacher's touch alone, ideas were conveyed to the mind of Helen Kellar. Slowly and imperfectly at first, of course, did she receive such communications from without; but after long years of steady effort, developing the great mental intelligence which the girl really possessed, she has been placed in possession of the means of learning so completely that she has been able to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts at a University! She can now understand, as far as it is ever possible for a sightless person without hearing to do, the whole world around her. She reads fluently, and by means of a special frame for writing can communicate her own ideas. She is, of course, an object of great interest, both to teachers and to students of psychology, and with the publicity which seems to belong to the democratic idea in America every fresh item about her progress is given to the public. It is well that this should be so, in order that similar cases, when such arise, as happily they do but rarely, should be given similar advantages; and also in order that the less heavily afflicted may be as thoroughly helped in their measure. The latest item of news about Helen Kellar is that she has gone in for cycling in company with her teacher, with whom she rides a tandem. The case, which recalls that of Laura Bridgeman and Julia Brace, affords a most remarkable example, not only of the construction of the external world through a single sense, but of the working of the universal law of compensation. It would be interesting to know how far the sense of smell, if it exists in Helen Kellar's case, was appealed to for help.

PILOMENA.



A DRAB CLOTH REDINGOTE.

A TRAVELLING-COAT OF LIGHT CLOTH.

than they have been for years past; while the special entertainment is so good this Christmas that children home for the holidays should not be allowed to miss it. The special show is wisely divided into two parts, with an interval for rest and refreshment between. By the way, the great question of what to refresh the inner man withal is now dealt with by a new firm, Messrs. Lyons, whose experience at other popular places leads to the belief that they will improve the Palace refreshments in regard both to substance and to price. The leading entertainment is again Wulff's Circus, and it is as good as ever, with the addition of many novelties. One of the best new tricks is a performance of an elaborate character by a horse at the word of command alone; Mr. Wulff himself gives quiet orders, and the sage animal stands on his hind legs, runs, dances in and out of hoops and barriers, and so on, as if he were an understanding human! The football dog is a heavy bull-terrier, but he is as energetic and as engrossed in his fun as any poodle. A marvellous scene is the finale, when actually one hundred horses go through a complicated performance in the ring at one time; some of them are of the breed of the Queen's famous cream-coloured state beauties, and like most beauties they are rather dull, and are the only horses that have to be led through the elaborate evolutions. The other special entertainment is a sort of pantomime, with pretty scenery, dances, and songs. Punch and Judy perform gratis in the nave at frequent intervals, and there are many other free and paying entertainments to fill in the time, so that a family party can spend the whole day at the Palace with great success.



VIEW OF THE NEW FRONTAGE OF THE MONTE CARLO CASINO.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1891), with two codicils (dated May 19, 1893, and Oct. 16, 1896), of Mr. David Brownlow, of Bitteswell, Leicester, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Julia Harriet Mary Jary, the daughter, and Henry John Brownlow, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £221,505. The testator gives £2000, his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses and farm stock and implements, the use and enjoyment for life of the Bitteswell Hall Estate, and an annuity of £6000, to his daughter, Mrs. Jary; £300 each to his godsons, Henry Arthur Brownlow and Lionel Ainsworth; an annuity of £120 to his sister Catherine Mary Taylor during her widowhood; £300 per annum to his son-in-law Robert Herbert Heath Jary, during the life of his wife, and should he survive her then an annuity of £2000 during the rest of his life; and an annuity of £300 and £35 per annum during the continuance of the trusts of his will to his nephew Henry John Brownlow. The residue of his property is to be held upon trust until the death of his daughter, when it is to be divided between her children in such shares as she shall by her will or codicil appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 25, 1898), of Mr. John Bibby, of Garston, Lancashire, and Puchwen, St. Asaph, who died on Aug. 2, was proved in London on Dec. 20 by Colonel Alfred Bibby, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £220,029. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his son John Leigh Bibby; all his furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects at Beech House, Garston, to his son Francis Jesse Bibby; his wines and consumable stores, live and dead stock at Puchwen, to his eldest daughter living with him at the time of his death; and £100 each to Thomas Starbuck and Ann Vose if in his employ at his decease. Should either or both of his partners be indebted at the time of his decease to the firm of John Bibby, Sons, and Co., one half of such indebtedness is to be cancelled and the other half not payable until five years, no interest being charged in the meantime. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves equally between all his children.

The will (dated July 20, 1898) of Mr. Josiah Goodwin Kershaw, of 6, Hyde Park Gate, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Dec. 17 by Colonel Henry Toms, John Brouncker Ingle, and John Curzon Ingle, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £123,562. The testator bequeaths £250 each to the London City Mission, the Bishop of London's fund, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and to his executor Mr. J. B. Ingle, for such charitable purposes as he may select; £100 to the Charity Organisation Society; £10,000 to his son-in-law, Colonel Henry Toms; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Catherine Maud Camington, and £10,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children; £300 each to his executors; £1000, his furniture and household effects, and the use of his house, to his daughter Mrs. Emily Anne Frances Toms; and many other legacies to relatives and

servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Toms, for life; and subject thereto as to one moiety thereof for his son-in-law, Colonel Toms; as to one half of the other moiety, for such persons as his daughter, Mrs. Toms, may appoint; and as to the remaining half moiety, to his nephews and nieces, the four children of his sister Mrs. Stock, the four children of his brother James, the four children of his brother Thomas, and Edith Oliver, in such shares as his daughter shall appoint.

The will (dated March 28, 1898) of Mrs. Heriot Spicer, of Clavering, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, widow of Mr. W. Gage Spicer, J.P., of Chislehurst, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 20 by Augustine Spicer, J.P., Albert Naylor Smith, and Herbert Ibbotson Ward, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £92,764. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Phillips' Memorial Homoeopathic Hospital, Bromley, the Bromley Congregational Chapel, and the Staplehurst, Kent, Congregational Chapel; £500 each to her sister, Mary Tuckey, her brothers-in-law James Revell Spicer and John Henry Spicer, and her godchild, Mary Vaghorn; £1000 each to her executors, and an extra £1000 to Albert Naylor Smith; £100, her household furniture, plate, jewels, etc., and £50,000, upon trust, for her great-nephew, Graham Procter Smith Spicer; £200 to Mary Lawrence Sawyer; £200 between the Misses Ralls, legacies to servants, and gifts of jewels and pictures to relatives. She devises certain freehold land and cottages at Thackwell Heath, Bucks, and a rent charge on premises at Islington, to Augustine Spicer, and other lands at Woburn, Bucks, to John Henry Spicer. The residue of her property she leaves between the brothers and sisters of her husband living at her death, and the children of any brother or sister who shall have predeceased her.

The will (dated July 26, 1898) of Major-General Thomas Edmund Byrne, R.A., of Tekels Castle, Camberley, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Dec. 21 by Alfonso Bourbon Byrne, the son, and John William Howard Thompson, the executors, the value of the estate being £47,257. The testator gives the picture of Amphion when three years old and his first Artillery Cup to his son Henry; the picture of St. John, after Murillo, and the Grand Military Gold Cup of 1872 to his son Gerald; a picture of the Holy Family, after Murillo, five pictures of racehorses, and the Royal Artillery Challenge Cup to his son Alfonso; a picture of the Marchioness of Gaudiano to his daughter, Mrs. Selina Dorothea Munro; a large picture of Amphion, the Stockbridge Cup, and the remainder of his cups, pictures, and furniture, to his son Reginald. The residue of his property he leaves between his five children. He directs his executors not to sell his horse Amphion, but to let him remain at the Compton Stud Farm.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1897) of the Rev. Joseph Haythorne Edgar, of Briarside, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Emily Sarah Edgar, the widow, Wilfred

Haythorne Edgar, the son, and George Henry Pinckard, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,972. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £50 for the purchase of a present to George Henry Pinckard. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. On her decease he gives £7500, upon trust, for his daughter Emily Mabel; £5500, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Edith; £5500 to his son, and the ultimate residue to be divided into three parts, one of which he gives to his son and the other two, upon trust, for his two daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1894) of Mr. Edwin Dunkin, F.R.S., past president of the Royal Astronomical Society, of Kenwyn, 27, Kidbrooke Park Road, Blackheath, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Dec. 21 by Edwin Hadlow Wise Dunkin, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £41,139. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his son; £500 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Mercedes Dunkin, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Maria Dunkin, absolutely.

The will (dated April 12, 1894), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1897), of Sir Henry Hayes Lawrence, Bart., of Belgard, County Dublin, who died on Oct. 27, was proved in London on Dec. 28 by Edward Digby Hildyard, Dame Victoria Margaret Lawrence, the widow, and Herbert Neville Walford, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £25,594. The testator gives 50 guineas each to his executors, Mr. E. D. Hildyard and Mr. H. N. Walford; £500, and all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores to his wife; £10,000 to his son or grandson who succeeds to the baronetcy; £5000 each to his other children; his house and lands of Belgard, with the furniture and effects to his son or grandson who shall succeed to the baronetcy, but if there shall be no such son or grandson, then to his wife, for life, and at her death to his daughter who shall first attain twenty-five; the testimonial presented to his grandfather, Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., on his leaving the Punjab, and all his said grandfather's medals and decorations to his successor in the baronetcy; and the portrait in oil of his said grandfather to his successor in the baronetcy if his lineal issue, but if not, then to his daughter who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate, in default of a son or grandson succeeding him in the baronetcy, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated June 19, 1894) of Major George Mark Leicester Egerton, of Townshend House, The Mount, York, official handicapper of the Jockey Club, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Dec. 23 in London by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Egerton, the widow, and Thomas Francis Egerton, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,786. The testator bequeaths £700, and a debenture of the Newark Advertiser Company, each to his daughters Alice Mary and Helen Lucy; £700 to his

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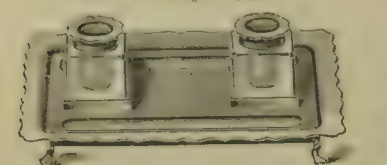
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James I. Inkstand, in Prince's Plate, with Plain Square
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James I. Afternoon Tea-Service. Ebony Handle and Knob to Teapot.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Teapot, 1 pint	£2 15 0	£4 10 0
Sugar-Basin and Tongs	1 4 6	1 16 0
Cream-Jug	1 8 0	1 13 0
Tea Service	£5 7 6	£7 19 0
18-in. Tea-Tray	£4 10 0	£14 10 0



James I. 6 Bottle Dinner Cruet with Cut-Glass Bottles, in
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Spoons, in Prince's Plate, £1 10s.
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£1 16s.
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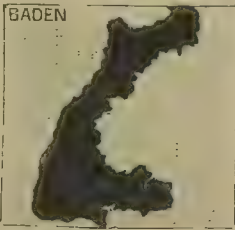
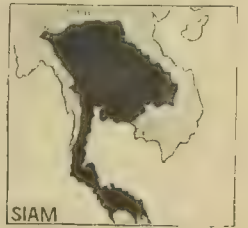
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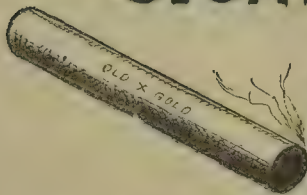
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SHARE CAPITAL - - - £250,000.
25,000 Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, £125,000; 25,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, £125,000.

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Four per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock - - - - - £150,000.

The Vendor, Mr. J. J. Stansfeld, has agreed to take £10,000, in 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, and the whole of the Ordinary Shares, in part payment of the Purchase Money, leaving £115,000 in 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, to be issued as required to meet the future increase of the business.

Issue of £150,000 Four per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock at £103 per cent.

The £150,000 Four per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock offered for subscription is redeemable at 115, at the option of the Company, at any time after Jan. 1, 1930, by giving six months' notice, or in the event of Voluntary Liquidation, at the price of not less than 115.

Interest will be payable on June 1 and on Dec. 1, the first payment to be made on June 1, 1899, interest to be calculated from the dates fixed for payment of the several instalments.

The Debenture Stock will be issued in sums of £50 and multiples thereof, and be transferred in amounts of not less than £1.

Applications for the above Debenture Stock must be made to the Directors of STANSFELD & CO., LIMITED, at the London and County Bank, Limited, Lombard Street, E.C.; and Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.; or any other of its Branches, payable as follows—**£10 per cent. on Application. £43 per cent. on Allotment, £3 per cent. being Premium. £50 per cent. Three Months after Allotment.**

The Debenture Stock may be paid up in full on Allotment, and on the prepaid instalment Discount will be allowed at the rate of Three per cent. per annum.

Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders.

JAMES STAATS FORRES, Esq., Chairman of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, Chelsea Embankment, S.W.
JOSEPH JAMES STANSFELD, Esq., Swan Brewery, Fulham, S.W.

Directors.

JOSEPH JAMES STANSFELD, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director)
CHARLES ALBERT DAVIS, Esq.
JOHN HODGES, Esq.
JOHN STEWART BRADFORD, Esq.

Bankers.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, LIMITED, Lombard Street, E.C., and Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Solicitors.

MESSRS. MAITLANDS, PECKHAM and CO., 17, Knightbridge Street, Doctors' Commons, E.C.
MESSRS. CLOSE and CO., Chorley House, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

Brokers.

MESSRS. NATHAN and ROSSELLI, 7, Adam's Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Auditors.

MESSRS. SMALLFIELD, RAWLINS and CO., Chartered Accountants, 45, King William Street, E.C.

Secretary (pro tem.).

MR. W. EVITT, Esq., Swan Brewery, Fulham, S.W.

Registered Offices.

SWAN BREWERY, FULHAM, S.W.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to acquire, as a going concern, as from Sept. 30, 1898, the Business of Brewers and Wine and Spirit Merchants carried on by Messrs. Stansfeld and Co., at the Swan Brewery, Fulham, and at the following Depots—

BARNET, WOOD STREET.
BRIGHTON, SHIP STREET.
CROYDON, GEORGE STREET.
CROYDON, NORTH END.
EGHAM, HIGH STREET.
GREENWICH, SOUTH STREET.
WEST KENSINGTON, NORTH END ROAD.
HAMMERSMITH, THE GROVE.
LEYTON, LEA-BRIDGE ROAD.
PADDINGTON, HARROW ROAD.
RED HILL, ROSE BREWERY.
STAINES, KINGSTON ROAD.
SUTTON, HIGH STREET.

The Brewery Business has been established at Fulham for over one hundred years, and the present most commodious Brewery was erected by Messrs. G. H. and A. Bywater, near the site of the old Brewery, in the year 1882, from designs by Mr. William Bradford, Brewers' Architect; and the whole of the Plant, replete with every modern improvement, was carried out in a most thorough and substantial manner by Messrs. Pontifex and Sons, and great care has since been exercised to keep the Brewery in every respect up to date.

The Firm has especially directed its attention to the supply of Beer and Wines and Spirits to fam lies in London and the surrounding districts, and there are upwards of 30,000 Customers now on the Books.

The Firm has likewise a valuable Public Trade.

As the Board of Directors will consist of men engaged in and having practical knowledge of the business, the Company will lose none of the experience of the old Firm, while it will have the advantage of the use of the additional Capital provided by the present issue.

Further provision for the future development of the business is made by the £115,000 Preference Shares which are reserved for future issues as may be required.

The Brewery, Plant, Public-houses, and Depôts have been valued by Messrs. Mason and Son, Brewery Valuers, who value the Freehold, Leasehold, &c., Properties at £180,640, and the moveable plant, Hops, &c., at £20,347 2s., making a total of £200,987 2s.

The Assets to be acquired by the Company as at Sept. 30, 1898, are (as per Messrs. Mason and Son's Valuation)	£	s.	d.
Loans to Customers on Mortgage, Book-Debts, and Rents Receivable, after providing for Bad and Doubtful Debts	200,987	2	0
Stock of Beer, Malt, Hops, Wines, Spirits, &c.	34,174	9	0
Cash at Bank and in hand	36,798	1	8
	5,185	9	4
	289,115	2	0
Less—Trade Liabilities	23,752	19	9
	265,362	2	3
Additional Working Capital provided out of the present issue	40,000	0	0
	£285,362	2	3

The above does not include any amount for the general Goodwill of the Business.

The Security for the Debenture Stock will be a specific charge secured by a First Mortgage to Trustees of the Freehold, Copyhold, and long Leasehold Properties, and a floating charge on the short Leasehold Properties, Stock-in-Trade, Loans, Book-Debts, and all other Assets.

The proceeds of the £115,000 (balance of £125,000) 5 per cent. Preference Shares will, when issued and invested, form a further security.

The Books have been audited by Messrs. Smallfield, Rawlins and Co., Chartered Accountants, of 45, King William Street, London, E.C., and their Certificate will be found in the full Prospectus.

The price to be paid for the Business has been fixed by the Vendor, Mr. J. J. Stansfeld, at £110,000 in cash, and the issue to him as fully paid up of £10,000 in Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and the whole of the Ordinary Shares.

It is proposed that the additional capital should be invested in the development of the business. All expenses up to allotment will be paid by the Vendor, and the remainder will be paid out of the premiums received on the Debenture Stock, and the balance of such premiums will be carried to a Reserve Fund.

Copies of the full Prospectus, with Forms of Application, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or Auditors.

SWAN BREWERY, FULHAM, S.W., Jan. 6, 1899.

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indeed, in general it may be said that the Iron Chancellor has but now furnished the content to the immense mass of dressed stone material which had already been accumulated on the site selected for the biographical edifice to his memory.

The Prince had been dictating his autobiography all his life long in the Reichstag, to Dr. Busch, at his Parliamentary sittings, in his Frankfurt and other despatches, and, above all, at his dinner-table, so that he really left very little for posthumous publication. But that little is of supreme interest—the more so as every page of those memoirs bears the unmistakable stamp of honesty, truthfulness, sincerity, and, above all, of that self-restraint which, allied to his colossal strength, was ever the dominant feature of his character, as shown particularly in his account of what was perhaps the hardest struggle of his life—the effort to restrain King William and the war party from exacting too humiliating conditions of peace from vanquished Austria in 1866.

In these volumes the maker of modern Germany has pleaded his own case before the bar of history—before that *Weltgericht* which is the *Weltgericht*—with a cogency, eloquence, and masterly grasp of general principles which cannot fail to carry conviction to the minds of the jury, the great majority of them, at least. These two volumes are but a detailed amplification of the epitaph which their author himself wrote for his own tomb—"Here rests Prince Bismarck—a faithful German servant of Kaiser William I." and perhaps the most striking feature of this enlarged epitaph is the significant fact that it never so much as once names the present Emperor. But if William II. is not dealt with at all, his mother and grandmother come in for copious enough criticism at the caustic hands of the man who thought that, of all kinds of Government, that by petticoats was certainly the most dangerous and the worst.

On the other hand, Bismarck's sympathetic characterization of his "old master," running like a connecting thread of gold throughout his story, is one of the most interesting and convincing features of these two volumes, which have an historical value of the first order as the "Vale!" of the man to the world in which he cut such a stupendous and ever-memorable figure.—CHARLES LOWE.

DIARY BOOKS.

To keep a diary is the most popular of all New Year resolves—the one we must have all of us made at some period of our lives—hopefully, and with every expectation of its being fulfilled, for that is the nature of a resolve. But the vast number of diaries published each year is a monument to human mutability, for how many among them are ever finished? The first of January opens briskly—it appears child's-play to keep a diary. The next few weeks run easily enough, then comes the inevitable day when the diary is not written. This is the beginning of the end. The days fly past with an amazing rapidity. If we had only written up at the beginning! But each day only makes the task more impossible, and it would need the memory of a Lord Macaulay to now recall the forgotten days. So the diary is thrown aside and dies a natural death, like too many good resolves.

Diary-keeping is a practice much fostered by governesses. They fondly fancy it will inculcate method and order. They have the temerity to imagine it will improve the handwriting, solve the mystery of spelling, and in a general way teach the young idea how to shoot. That the lives of those who instruct the young are doomed to disappointment it is only necessary to recall some of those old diaries of our scholastic days to prove. They were usually bound in leather, and had three days on each page, with all the Sundays grouped together in a retiring manner at the end of the book, and they were invariably headed on the front page with an important "Strictly Private." And yet "Monday, the 23rd," taken at random, would contain nothing specially nihilistic: "We put blotting-paper in the ink; Miss Sharp got horribly cross. In the morning Teddy and Mabel and me went a walk. In the afternoon Mabel and Teddy and me went another walk. The canary died before breakfast. We had damson jam for tea. I hate Miss Sharp."

These spicy postscripts against head authorities breathed a pleasing spirit of revenge without in any way compromising the writer; besides, they helped to fill the last line.

Every great person has kept a diary, and doubtless they are of great assistance to the modern biographer. Not what they kept their diaries quite as regularly

in former times, before biography had become the foregone conclusion it has nowadays.

Dr. Johnson wrote a journal in which he deplored his shortcomings and made great resolves for the future, usually at Easter-tide, which seems to have been his day of reckoning. Sir Walter Scott kept a famous journal, likewise Thomas Carlyle. Was it not in his diary, indeed, that he gave vent to the memorable utterance, an epitome of the Carlyle philosophy, "Be quiet, be calm, at least not mad"? Mrs. Carlyle wrote a diary also, but her vehement nature, spontaneous as mercury, scarcely found it the safety-valve she required. "Your journal all about feelings," she wrote, "aggravates whatever is factitious or morbid in you—that I have made experience of. And now the only sort of journal I would keep should have to do with what Mr. Carlyle calls 'the fact of things.' It is very bleak and very barren, this fact of things, as I now see it—very; and what good is to result from writing of it in a paper book is more than I can tell." Nevertheless, Mrs. Carlyle never abandoned her writing, and when the writer and the diary understand each other the little daily book becomes both grateful and comforting, for things can safely be confided to it that would hardly be confessed to one's own familiar friend. Besides, there are ways of putting things that to the ordinary eye are only what they seem, though to the individual who has the key to the cipher, they may convey a subtle double entendre, for

Words—like Nature—half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

To the habitual diary-writer, "not to miss one single day" is a very possible virtue, for the daily narrative is with them a corporeal part of being.

If our lives cannot be happy, the nineteenth century has surely taught us they can at least be interesting. So some people divide the twelve annual months into so many chapters, calling them each by a representative name. Thus, "Sic itur ad astra" was the month when a first paper-boat was hopefully floated, and a manuscript appeared in print. "Sunshine above" was drifting down the winding river in a cloudless July. "Eheu" was when two people said good-bye for evermore, and were only able to shake hands when they should have been



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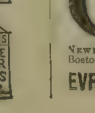
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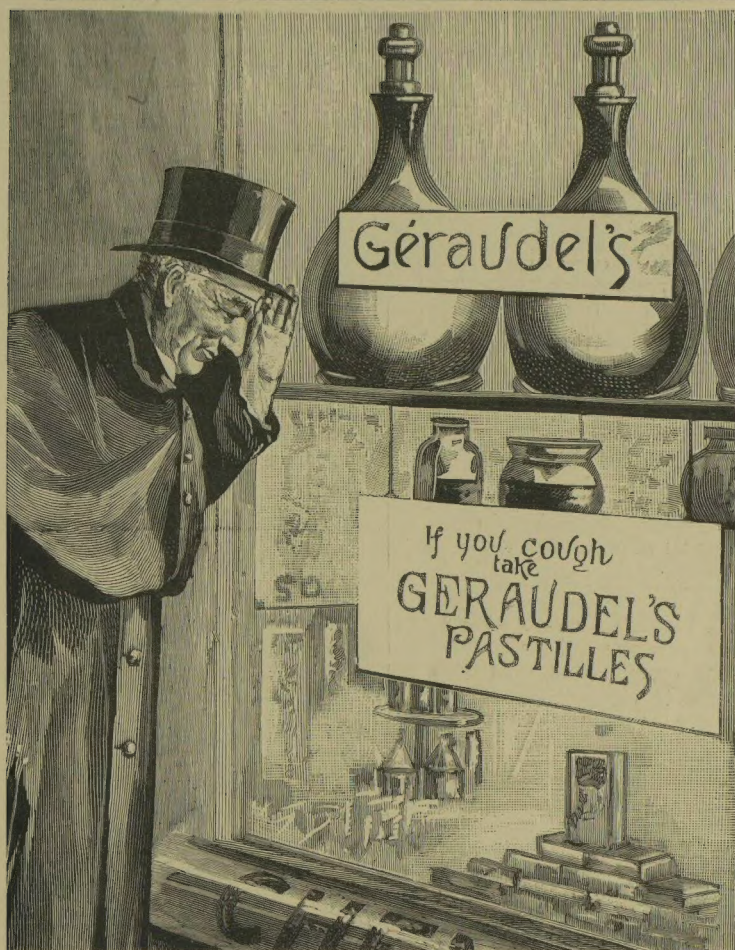








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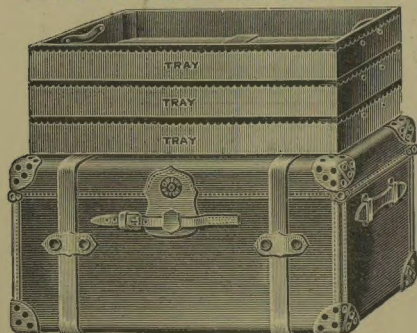
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There are some so-called diaries put to base and paltry uses—such the fond mother's, who makes a note of the day Jacky began to walk, and when little Molly cut her first tooth; while Trinity Sunday is occupied with a recipe for rhubarb jam. Then there is the countryman's diary, for recording the day the cuckoo was heard, and how many times the lawn was mown in the season. The golfer uses his diary only for entering his various scores; and the bicyclist, with like brevity, jots down a commutation of furlongs, miles, leagues, with the incredible hours in which they were accomplished. But such perfunctory memoranda have nothing at all to do, and must not be confounded with, the grave profession of diary-keeping. What would life be without ink? An annotated blank

indeed! To the pen of a ready writer a diary becomes, therefore, a necessity and a law. Everyone who has this New Year purchased a diary must have involuntarily run over the blank pages with a vague speculation as to the coming by-and-by.

Golden or grey,
Tell me, I pray,
What is the light of my luck to-day?

Will the something wonderful happen for which we wait in expectation all our lives? Shall we maintain our naval supremacy? Can the army be brought up to the desired standard? Will the voice of public acclaim greet the new book? And will the Academy recognise the merit of the picture foiled at so long? Will there be partings? Will there be tears? Will all the ships upon the sea come home? But great events of history are few and far between; and blessed are they who do not expect too

much, for so they shall escape disappointment. We can at least all hope for smooth seas and sunny skies, for happy days among the clover, and pleasant human intercourse. We must go on our way "never doubting clouds will break." And in the

Book wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts,
may we at least be able to name one of the twelve calendar chapters "Laetatus Sum." HANDASIDE.

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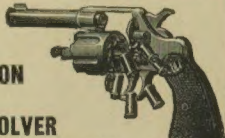
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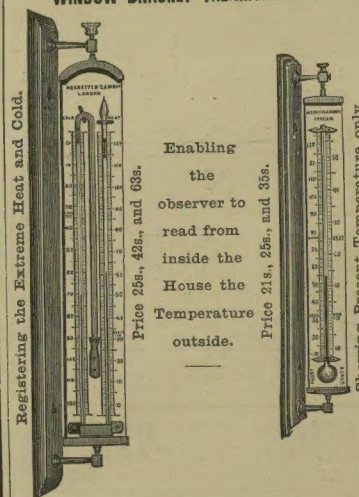
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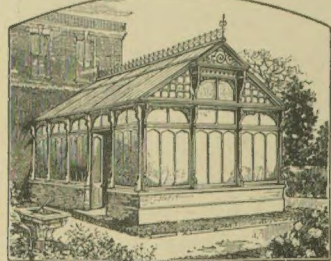
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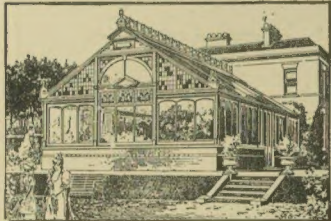
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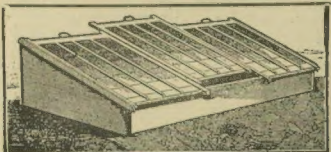
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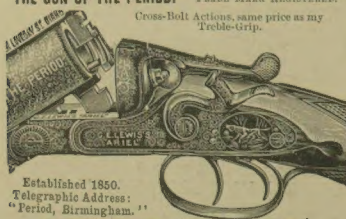
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